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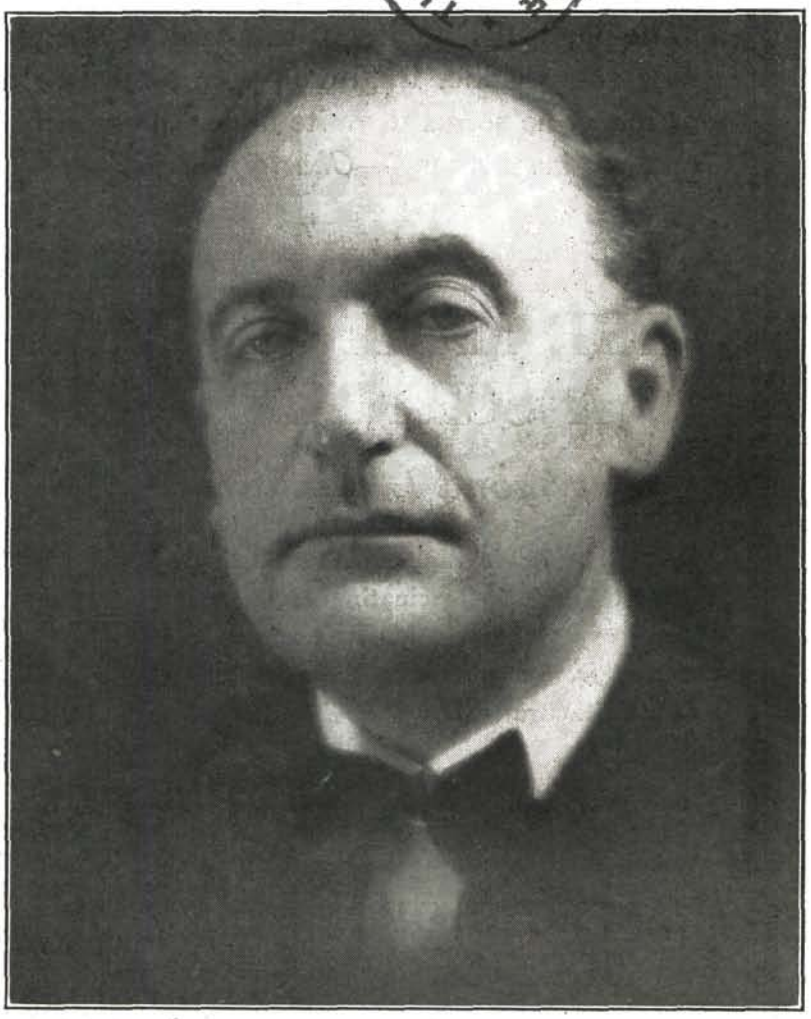

JULES ROMAINS

"It may well take M. Romains another ten years to work out the full scheme of the novel, arriving at the outbreak of the war, which, it seems, must inevitably become the climax of the whole complicated yet eminently readable affair" . . . *(See page 3)*

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By G. B. Stern

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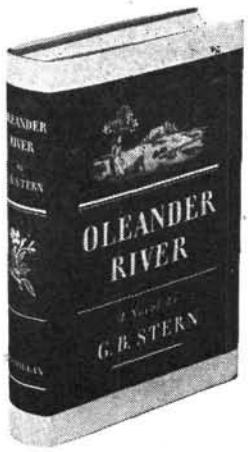

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The New Books

Negroes by Themselves

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD. By Zora Neale Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

WHETHER or not there was ever a town in Florida inhabited and governed entirely by Negroes, you will have no difficulty believing in the Negro community which Zora Neale Hurston has either reconstructed or imagined in this novel. The town of Eatonville is as real in these pages as Jacksonville is in the pages of Rand McNally; and the lives of its people are rich, racy, and authentic. The few white characters in the book appear momentarily and incidentally. The title carries a suggestion of "The Green Pastures," but it is to this extent misleading; no religious element dominates this story of human relationships.

The central character is Janie, born to love and to look for love through three marriages. She escapes from the first marriage, with a steady but middle-aged and unsympathetic farmer, to run away with Joe Starks, an unusual and delightful Negro go-getter with something in him of Babbitt and a little of the Emperor Jones. How Joe becomes mayor, boss, and plutocrat of Eatonville, is a good story, humorous, eventful, and full of character. Rewarding as Joe is to the reader, he is a disappointment to Janie; when he becomes too successful he doesn't love her any more; and Janie, though she is cowed by public opinion, eventually goes off with Tea Cake, a shiftless, warm-blooded gambler who leads her a chase but makes her happy. The rest of the story is of their life and work together on a Florida plantation, until a hurricane brings on a melodramatic, but credible, conclusion.

The only weak spots in the novel are technical; it begins awkwardly with a confusing and unnecessary preview of the end; and the dramatic action, as in the story of the hurricane, is sometimes hurriedly and clumsily handled. Otherwise the narration is exactly right, because most of it is in dialogue, and the dialogue gives us a constant sense of character in action. No one has ever reported the speech of Negroes with a more accurate ear for its raciness, its rich invention, and its music. In many ways "Their Eyes Were Watching God" recalls Lyle Saxon's recent "Children of Strangers"; both of them are love stories of women with mixed blood; and in both there is an undertone, never loud enough to be isolated, of racial frustration. But "Their Eyes Were Watching God" has much more humor in it; and paradoxically—possibly because the author is writing unselfconsciously of her own people—it is more objective. It never comes to the verge of conscious, sentimental "sympathy." A simple and unpretentious story, but there is nothing else quite like it.

DRAWING BY EDWARD SHENTON
From "Witch in the Wilderness."

Marooned on the Amazon

WITCH IN THE WILDERNESS. By Desmond Holdridge. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THOSE who read Mr. Holdridge's exceptional travel book, "Escape to the Tropics," must have noted there the handling of material with a novelist's skill, the narrative sequence, the flair for right dialogue, the easy evocation of character and scene. During that adventure he was very busy tearing up pages of the novel here reviewed, with the result that this is a hard-packed book; its prose is as graphic and clean as Edward Shenton's illustrations, and its action is tightly mortised to an interior apologue.

The Diesel yacht *Witch*, under the command of Captain Cartault, sailed far up an unexplored tributary of the Amazon on an idle expedition to discover men with tails. Forbes, the owner, and his wealthy and fatuous guests had really little better to do than be mired with the boat when the river fell at the beginning of the dry season. Here was a microcosm consisting of forty-one various people who must be reliant upon themselves alone. Escape was impossible before the next rains, for the radio was broken, and the launch could not get down the river because of hostile Indians.

The author has handled adroitly the snarled drama which follows, straightening it gradually and resolving its knots of conflict. The characterization of his men is always sure; Brett, the malcontent, Neves of the simple wisdom, Lexstrom, the defiant coward, and Yekona, the mystical and practical savage chief, are individuals. But the women come off less well; they are seen in profile mostly, with the exception of Kiritatu, Cartault's native sweetheart. Mr. Holdridge knows the Amazon country as few novelists do, and has written of it memorably.

Parisian Case Histories

THE DEPTHS AND THE HEIGHTS. (Men of Good Will: Volume VI.) By Jules Romains. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

HERE is the sixth fat double volume of the remarkable sociological fresco on which M. Jules Romains has been engaged for over a decade. Year by year as its twelve sections have appeared, "Men of Good Will" has become a mastodon of a novel, and seems likely to break all records for endurance writing (and reading) before it is finished. It is apparently destined to contain sample case histories drawn from all the levels of Parisian life in the prewar period, and in order to make his vast collection of characterizations truly representative, the author thinks nothing of introducing a whole army of new personages with each new volume. At the present rate of progress it may well take M. Romains another ten years to work out the full scheme of the novel, arriving at the outbreak of the war, which, it seems, must inevitably become the climax of the whole complicated yet eminently readable affair.

Besides the usual contributions from the author's favorite mouthpieces, Jallez and Jerphanion, and the political com-

Next Week

EUROPA IN LIMBO
By ROBERT BRIFFAULT
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

NATIVE AMERICAN HUMOR
By WALTER BLAIR
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

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mentary offered by the career of Cabinet Minister Gurau, the new installment presents two exceptionally complete and strikingly contrasted character studies. Together they provide M. Romains with many good opportunities to exercise his characteristic talent for intellectual realism, and as a result this volume is one of the most effective of the series. The dominating figure in the first half of "The Depths and the Heights" is the would-be Academician Georges Allory, whom we met years ago in the first novels of the sequence. This time Allory makes a serious campaign for the coveted *Fauteuil*, aided by his patroness Mme. de Ruje, but fails of election. The author treats this episode of behind-the-scenes literary politics in his best satirical manner, then goes on to show at some length the aftermath of Allory's defeat, his rapid recourse to vice and attempted suicide. All this, with a certain intermixture of secondary themes handled with the author's customary skill, gives us one of the most impressive portraits yet attempted by M. Romains.

In "To the Stars" the selfless and disinterested Dr. Viaur, head physician at that most admirable of fictional watering-places, Celle-les-Eaux, takes the leading role. The contrast with Allory's decadence could hardly be more clearly pointed than by this story of a devoted scientist on the verge of a great discovery, but it may be noted that he is little happier in his successful life than Allory in his ignoble descent to the gutter.

More conventional in tone and arrangement than most of the preceding volumes, "The Depths and the Heights" is nevertheless an excellent example of the Romains methods. It is simply and strongly built and contains few of the arid passages which in earlier sections occasionally led the reader to remember that the author was once a professor of philosophy. Clearly it is an important part of this memorable work, and is likely to be hailed with much critical acclaim, particularly outside France. The French, perversely, continue to prefer Romains the dramatist, the creator of Dr. Knock and Le Trouhadec, the faultless historian of Donogoo-Tonka. For Anglo-Saxons, considering that in all probability less than half the whole work has been offered us, any attempt at a definitive verdict would be premature, but that it should be ranked with the best of Proust or the best of Gide remains an open and dubious question. For the moment it is at least possible to say that M. Romains is at present without a rival. No other French novelist of the day is turning out a comparable volume of consistently distinguished work, and none is better equipped psychologically and otherwise to meet with comprehension here and in England.

For the Defense

AARON BURR. By Nathan Schachner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOLMES ALEXANDER

THIS is the third book on Aaron Burr to be published this year. At least two more are in the offing. For the hundred and one years since his death he has been the subject of more biographies, novels, plays than any minor figure in our history.

Why does he attract all this literary attention? Because his character and career are so many-sided that there is bait for several sorts of writers. The researcher is challenged by secret archives still unopened. The delver into human

BURR AT SEVENTY-FIVE
Portrait by James Vandyck.

character has a case history of baffling complexes. The sentimental apologist sees an underdog to champion. The political historian beholds a figure who helped to launch the Democratic Party. The dramatist rejoices in a life story teeming with climaxes, irony, and action.

Mr. Schachner fairly combines three of these motives for writing about Burr. His book is not a character study and not dramatic, but it is strong on research, on apology, on political history. Therein appears its weakness and strength. After all, Burr was an erratic genius who lived a mad whirl of adventure. Mr. Schachner could have enlivened his pages by letting these facts have more play. He tells about all the things that happened to Burr, but the hero appears more acted upon than acting. The same is true of the plot. We are taken to battlefields and duelling grounds, but we never smell gunpowder or see blood.

Still to complain of this is not exactly cricket. Mr. Schachner has chosen to make other use of his material. The book begins and ends with argument. The whole tone is that of a counsel for the defense. Was Burr, as accused, a deliberate murderer, a political opportunist, a crooked speculator, a traitor to his country? Much evidence is summoned to prove he was none of these. And where evidence is shaky or even contrary, Mr. Schachner resorts to rhetoric and sometimes recrimination. For instance, when Burr is caught accepting bribes, this is the author's defense: "Who in history has not similar smirches on his character?"

Granted this attitude of apology, Mr. Schachner writes intelligently and with authority. While his research is not the virgin material that his publisher claims, it is painstaking and goes back to original sources. In two places at least, possibly more, he comes up with documents not previously used in Burr biography.

Whether this volume will change any fixed opinions on Burr is pretty doubtful. Despite the myth that he has been perjured and defiled, most of Burr's biographers have been decidedly sympathetic. Mr. Schachner may not get a verdict of acquittal for his client, but he deserves credit for a good try.

Holmes Alexander is the author of "Aaron Burr, the Proud Pretender."

Professor Into Wit

A LETTER TO ROBERT FROST AND OTHERS. By Robert Hillyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS volume of less than seventy pages contains the best writing (and thinking) Robert Hillyer has ever done. There are seven epistles, to Robert Frost, Charles Townsend Copeland, James B. Munn, Peyton Randolph Campbell, Bernard DeVoto, the author's son, and Queen Nefertiti. Since five of the seven letters are addressed to men who are (or were) teachers, and since Mr. Hillyer is now Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard (occupying "Copey's" chair) the critics who have charged this poet with being "academic" will examine his new book for a fresh supply of ammunition. They will be disappointed. True, the measures are disciplined, even "classical," the rhymes are precise, the couplets (and occasional tercets) are as polished as Pope's. But the tone is the tone of the twentieth century and the inflection is distinctly Hillyer's.

Half of Hillyer's readers will be delighted with that inflection; the other half will be infuriated by it. The author frankly reveals himself as conservative, even at times a dignified if disgruntled tory, particularly when it comes to esthetic matters. But beneath the urbane accent and the mockery, there burns an

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indignation which is clear and compelling. Hillyer, once a soldier, thus addresses his son:

> Go not to war—there's not a cause that gives
> Life to the soldier who no longer lives.
> No eloquence in how enduring stone
> Makes unknown soldiers, to the future known.
> Go not to war! If Peace has lost her war
> There is no other thing worth fighting for.

The book will be relished for its witty résumés, its abrupt and edged disposals of literary shibboleths and current frauds. Few passages in contemporary verse are more neatly wicked and slyly devastating than the report of an authors' cocktail party. But it is not all satire and sparkle. Superficially like Pope, the epistles are actually Horatian in spirit; underneath the clinched couplets a living philosophy declares itself. It is not a dour or desperate philosophy, but a fine-tempered and firm set of conclusions. The lines condense what might have been tangential abstractions into arrow-like epigrams. There is space here for only a single quotation. Of E. A. Robinson:

> . . . What other age but this
> Has bred so perfect an antithesis:
> Mild in his manner, mocking in his eye,
> Bold in appraisal, and in statement shy,
> He knew all men—the man against the sky.

It is a pity that the concluding letter is not of a piece with the others. It is apparently a major effort, wholly serious in tone; but, in spite of its celebration of the "heretic Pharaoh" Akhnaten, it fails to make an accord with the foregoing pages; it is neither incompetent nor immaterial, but (to continue the legal figure of speech) it is a kind of somber irrelevance. Nevertheless it serves a purpose its author scarcely intended: it throws into high relief the pungency of the preceding letters with their new combination of tradition and immediacy.

Power of the Comstock Metal

RALSTON'S RING. By George D. Lyman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE style is hectic; so were the events. The movement is frenetic and often bewildering; so were the lives of the men who wrangled for the power of the Nibelung hoard beneath a Nevada mountain. Example of the former:

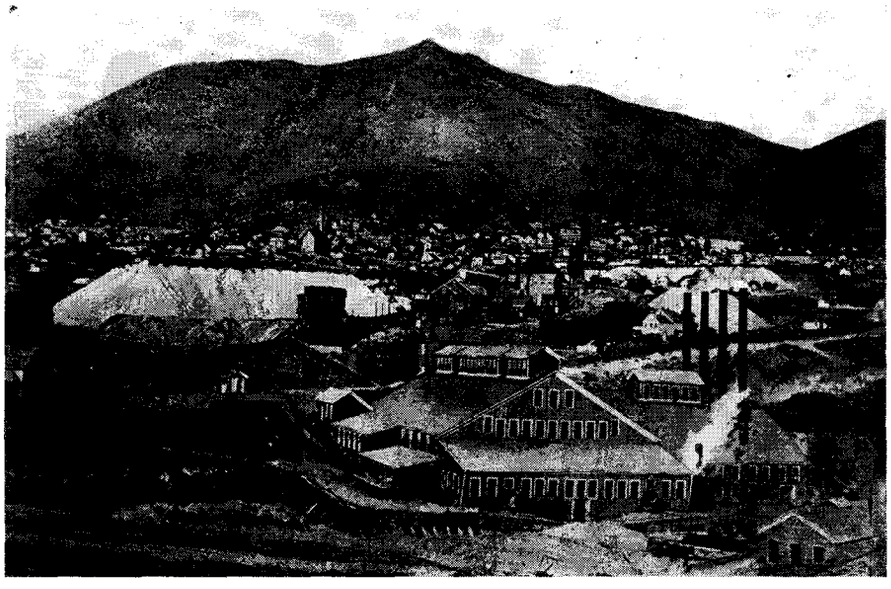
> What had given Ralston the impetus to outstrip his fellowmen so rapidly? Family? Tradition? Wealth? Environment? Training? Lady Luck?
> No! None of these; something far more elemental.
> Water: clear, colorless, odorless, innocuous water. Fickle, vacillating water. Water that drives the paddles of boats . . .

and so on for 250 rhapsodic words more on H_2O. Example of the latter: one of Ralston's associates lost his pile and went fathoms deep in the hole playing the market, then committed suicide. Ralston covered the thing up, wrote a $35,000 check on his personal bank account, which he handed to the widow—"All I was able to salvage from the estate." She flung the pieces of the torn check in his face, calling him a crook. "My husband was a wealthy man!"

The story has a thousand such dramatic incidents, crystallized around the personality of the financial adventurer W. C. Ralston, who for a few years ruled California like a prince by power of the Comstock metal, strove and failed to make her independent of "the States" in commerce and industry, strove and succeeded in making San Francisco a city of light. Mr. Lyman compares him to a duke of the Cinquecento for his magnificence, his patronage of the arts, his wide gestures (he needed nails for a building; founded a nail-factory to make them), and the ruthlessness of his drive toward power. Siegfried would have been a better figure. The story is more Wagnerian than Renaissance, has more of the warping of good minds and generous impulses through sudden wealth than of deadly intrigue. Everyone acts on impulse, usually generous impulse. Even the author.

The book's defect as a piece of writing is that it seems turned out at hot speed under emotional pressure, which produces rhapsodies on water and inept figures of speech. This impulsive speed reaches even up into the main theme, the story of the struggle for power in the Comstock between Ralston, in control of the mines, and Sutro, building a tunnel underneath the mines to drain the dangerous springs that rose in them. The latter is presented as a humanitarian, trying to save poor miners' lives. Maybe so; but if true, humanitarianism was never better rewarded, for Sutro got a Congressional grant of three million, and two hundred thousand a month in profit out of it.

Yet one can easily forgive the defects for the splendor of the tale and the energy of its telling. It represents a type of history all too little written, the true history of America, in which the driving of a shaft can be as eventful as a battle and the closing of a contract as important as the signing of a treaty.



VIRGINIA CITY IN ITS PRIME, WITH SUN MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.
From "Ralston's Ring."

Mislaid Soul

OLEANDER RIVER. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

BACK in the twenties a group of young Englishwomen were producing novels whose freshness, honesty, and humor brought them an immediate following among discriminating American novel readers. High among them stood G. B. Stern, whose "Matriarch," "A Deputy Was King," and "Thunderstorm" have given so many hours of delight to this one of her readers that any book thereafter bearing her name must be inevitably welcomed.

"Oleander River," let us admit at once, is not as good as any one of those three. Nevertheless here is much of the humor of both incident and characterization one associates with them. The setting is the Mediterranean the author knows and transcribes so well, and it is written with the deftness of one who has learned her craft.

The story is of Gil, the oldest in a large, motherless family that is fathered by a vague, sentimental, novel-writing gentleman who has moved his brood to Italy where they will have "beauty" and can grow "naturally." But it is in the minor characters that the reader will find the G. B. Stern of earlier days. Amy, who gave up her shoppe, "not quite a library

(*Continued on page* 12)

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Mystery on High Meadow

Summer and Winter in the Life of Rex Stout, Who Transforms a Whole Hillside, Exults in Fine Carpentry, and Creates Crime's Latest, Laziest Wizard

BY GILBERT W. GABRIEL

ON October 18th of this and each succeeding year, as in several years gone by, Rex Stout will lay down his rake, hoe, and concrete mixer and, striding indoors for the first day in months, sit down to his typewriter. On some equally arbitrary date in April, when the hill-top fields are beginning to defrost and the flanks of his swimming-pool are flushing with maiden flowers, Rex Stout will abandon his typewriter again and return—as usual—to the very great outdoors which is known to him, his kin, and his neighbors far below as High Meadow, Brewster, N. Y.

During the winter interval, be assured by both past performances and Mr. Stout's own singular sense of self-determination, he will have composed two full-length books. Of recent winters, he always has. One of them will certainly be a mystery story. Both will then pass with ease, profit, and distinction through that triple progress from serial to novel to motion picture which is the almost automatic reward of best selling American fiction, and Mr. Stout—having thereby re-established the picturesqueness of his countenance and the muscularity of his shoulders—will once more abandon literature for lilies, crime for crocuses, murder and its famous solutions by that Falstaffian pundit, Nero Wolfe, for the sun-flecked peace of his own melon patch.

This is the life that Rex Stout lives—and has lived for several seasons, now—in the house that Rex built, on the upthrust acres that Rex staked, with his wife and his children and his farmers and his road-menders all around him: a very good, consuming, busily satisfying and objective life, which he likes to think is no more than the life of a hermit, but which is in reality the at least nine lives of an architect and engineer, a flower-fancier, a crack cabinet-maker and mason, a champion horseshoe-pitcher, an apiarist, a hearty parent, host, and counsellor, a poultry king, a dictator over dog and goat and vasty rows of vegetables . . . more of a majesty's life, I should say, than a hermit's—and in snow-time, of course, the life of a signally successful author, too.

I can think of only one other man among the so-called creative artists who can do so many different things so well. But where his amazing versatility has been something of a luxurious scourge to my other man, Deems Taylor, to Rex Stout it has been life's greatest boon. For to Rex Stout it has been an absolute necessity, a release of such unflagging energy, such excellently ordered practicality of head and hands, as prove the whole man greater than the sum of all his talents.

Stout never gives you the impression of having slipped down into his carpenter-shop to get away from his typewriter, or out into his strawberry-beds only to be rid of his saw and hammer. Whatever he is doing he is doing at the shrewdest possible hour of the correct day, and he is doing it with heart and soul, besides. With his first toothbrush-stroke in the early morning he starts a day decisively. With the same fury of sensible decisiveness he brushes his beard up for the pillow's reward when that day is done.

All other knacks and virtues being equal in my versatility contest between Messrs. Stout and Taylor, Stout certainly wins by this beard. It is a noble beard, a prophet's beard, a beard of more than a decade's dignifying. It is already passing from the raven raffishness of Stout's Latin Quarter days to an almost Biblical bird's-nest gray. By now it gives his tall brow and sharpened cheekbones, especially his Ancient Mariner eyes, the extra clarity and boldness of a profile emerging from dense clouds. Seeing him out with it in his hillside vineyards, you might be tempted to remind him that a good winegrower needs no such bush; but it does give him a touch of Bernard Shaw, just the same, and another of Havelock Ellis, of Gatti-Casazza, of Benvenuto Cellini and a Mormon elder—in the shoes of any one or two of whom, considering his so many and various capabilities, he might well have enjoyed an occasional swinging stride.

Born of a brisk December day, 1886, in Noblesville, Indiana, Rex Todhunter Stout can boast—and does—of having inhabited pretty nearly every corner of these United States. He knows his Far West as well as he knows his Middle. His knowledge comes out of experiences, sometimes awful, always humor-laden, as everything from office-boy to hotel manager, sailor to banker.

The hotel managership came about in New York City, and of a hotel so devoted to portly plutocrats and fastidious dowagers that its name had better be withheld, here. It came about in answer to one of those usual want-ads which stipulated a man of much experience in the intricate hospitality of an ultra-urban establishment, and Stout answered that ad with the heartiness of a man who'd had no such experience at all. But he had a formal morning coat, a basso gracioso voice, and a Manner. He not only got the job but—as long as he pleased to—kept it. He admits that he kept it largely because of the maternal instincts of the chief telephone operator, a quizzical creature to whom he had to confess that he knew absolutely nothing about hotel management, but who soon had taught him all that anybody with such native dignity needed to know.

But all this while there must have been a grim imp known to Stout as his social conscience which taunted him out of complacent money-making. He took to backing many stormy Causes, radical and humanitarian. He used, for instance, to contribute to the old *Masses* magazine—in more ways than one, I suspect. He was also one of the founders of the Vanguard Press, for some years one of its directors.

He has been married twice: the first time to Fay Stout, painter, of Topeka, Kansas, 1916; the second time to Pola

REX STOUT FEEDING A PET PARROT

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Hoffmann of Vienna, Austria, and New York, designer, stylist, weaver, almost his match in multifarious activity, in 1932. Two daughters have been born of this latter marriage: Barbara, aged four, and Rebecca, now but six months old, both congenitally hearty and handsome, both inevitably due for educations as original as their father's.

The years of his youth in the U. S. Navy must have been, I suppose, the most joyful part of Stout's own education. The dates (1906-1908) hasten to prove that it was not the War which put him into blue uniform. It was Rex Stout himself, an ornery, adventure-hungry kid of twenty in a little Kansas town, who characteristically did that. He had a hard time doing it, too.

He'd been bumming the prairie, come down to his last three dollars, when he met that glowing Navy poster in the town-hall window and applied to the recruiting officer, then and there. The recruiting officer examined him—as far as his tonsils. Young Stout would have to have those tonsils out before the Navy could enlist him. So young Stout started on a round of the doctors of that little Kansas place who'd take his tonsils out for the fifteen dollars, the ten, the five he unfortunately didn't have. At the last hour he found the doctor who'd do it for those three last dollars he did have.

But this patriotic doctor was brand new to town, quite new to his diploma, hadn't his shingle out yet, nor even an office to attach the shingle to. He had to perform the operation in a downstairs barber-shop, with you can imagine what impromptu instruments and audience. Spouting gore, young Stout staggered back—and I doubt if he's ever staggered, before or since—to the recruiting officer, who took one look, uttered one rich oath of admiration, enlisted his man forthwith, and even sent young Stout immediately eastward in charge of a batch of less spectacularly tonsilected lads.

Here's the anecdote's truly tragic note: the Pullman diner chief, recognizing in young Stout a master of men, a superior being to whom it would be an insult to offer the ordinary seventy-five cent rations which the Navy allowed its recruits in transit, invited him to order what he pleased, carte blanche, scot free, compliments of the railroad, blessings of all the stockholders, and fried chicken and pie à la mode included. So young Stout ordered with a grateful gusto. He ordered in heaps . . . and in heaps the food arrived, a banquet fit for a national hero. But he couldn't take it. He arrived at the Navy's pay clerk school the next day a famished martyr.

There was once a yacht, the *Mayflower*, almost as celebrated in American annals as its great original which ferried to Plymouth Rock. This latterday *Mayflower* was the frequently floating home of President Theodore Roosevelt, and on it young Stout, graduated and duly chevronned, was soon stationed. On it, be-

ON A PICNIC WITH BARBARA

sides all regular duties, he was supposed to sit down to bridge with all the visiting big-wigs and beat the sawdust out of them. He did.

Just when, in the course of the subsequent career which included finance, much foreign travel and sojourn in Paris, literature began to assert itself in Mr. Stout's make-up he does not say for certain. He tells fondly (as so many contemporary authors must) that he owes his start at fiction to that veteran discerner and encourager, Robert H. Davis of the Munsey outfit. In his years of plenty Stout was writing novels as serious and much discussed—but only now and then best-selling—as "How Like a God," "Seed on the Wind" and "Golden Remedy." Shaw liked a couple of them, and Ellis noticed them, and maybe even Gatti-Casazza sang arias in honor of their advents, but the time had come when Mr. Stout wanted a bigger circle of readers than that of his fellow-beards.

Very deliberately, then, I imagine—for he is such a hater of haphazard and mere drift—he must have set out to capture that much bigger circle. He'd experiment, yes, but only as a chronic craftsman must. Put him to work on mystery stories, and he'd be satisfied to turn out the best possible mystery stories of his day—and not satisfied until he had. That is his altogether sufficient excuse for his pardonable pride in his Nero Wolfe series. He confesses a hope, nor a distant one, either, of returning to the deeper themes of his earlier novels.* But there is nothing in the confession that implies he has not put all possible expertness, all available inspiration, into every one of his several chronicles of Nero Wolfe and Co.

A composer of murder mysteries ought, I suppose, to be the first sort of writer absolved of any taint of autobiography. Let this immediate absolution be granted. Rex Stout does not look the least bit like his Nero Wolfe, nor talk like him, act like him, eat or drink or, I should hazard, think like him. The difference between them is so huge and so uncompromising, I can hardly understand how Wolfe can be a hero to his own author. It must be an attraction of opposites. Stout is lean and hard and incorrigibly active, an optimist at a gallop, a commander over the face of the earth, the soil beneath and the edge of the sky above; and I suspect that, if that fearfully flat, crotchetty arm-chair philosopher named Nero Wolfe were to visit High Meadow for a week-end and never once get off his cushion or out from under the living-room ceiling, Stout would damn him for a lazy old lump and long to heave him into the middle of the croquet-court. Once I did ask outright how Nero Wolfe came to be—this immobile, chin-bundled Buddha of the crime world of the nineteen-thirties,—but Stout only conferred robustly with his beard: "The other fellows' detectives were so damn busy," he explained, "running everywhere and doing everything. . . ."

And there was the only clue I could get—of wish-fulfillment, possibly—from a man who has certainly run everywhere, done everything, known everybody, but who now prefers to stay up on top of his hill, his beard to the wind, his concrete mixer churning overtime to make royal settings for his imperial flowers, and his typewriter waiting indoors for the early morning of October the eighteenth.

Gilbert W. Gabriel, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Sun *and later of the* New York American, *is the author of a number of books, including "I, James Lewis" and "Great Fortune."*

* Meanwhile Mr. Stout introduces this week a new detective: see page 20.—Ed.

Welcome the Wrath

By Stanley J. Kunitz

POOR john, who joined in make of wrong
And guessed no guile, dare I complain?—
Or practise to endure the heart unstrung,
The waiting at the door too long,
Winter, wages, and self-disdain.

Endure? That is the dialect of love,
The greenhorn of the west, my late companion,
Now straggling crossfoot half-alive
Back to his country, with crazy sleeve
Flopping, like a shot pinion.

Let him endure. I'll not: not warp my vision
To square with odds; not scrape; not scamp my fibre,
Though pushed by spoilers of the nerves' precision,
Bothered by caterpillars of suspicion,
Hired by speculators in my gut and labor.

Wrath has come down from the hills to enlist
Me surely in his brindled generation,
The race of the tiger; come down at last
Has wrath to build a bonfire of my breast
With one wet match and all my desolation.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Emotion and History

THE economic interpretation of history has been given a black eye by the rise of fascism. Perhaps it is a good time for the amateurs in history to make some suggestions to the professionals.

History used to be written by the memoirists in terms of the heart; but their interpretation of the emotions was too narrow. They dealt usually with lust, sometimes with true passion, most rarely with those blends of love and friendship, or love with intellectual fascination, which have made great moments in history. Plutarch bungled what Shakespeare, who got all he knew of Cleopatra from the biographer, most surely understood.

Since the economists came in, emotion, whether love, vanity, jealousy, hurt pride, inferiority, or ambition, has been shown the back door. The modern economic historian, if he thinks of emotion at all, regards it as something glandular. Perhaps it is to begin with, but when a gland explains Cleopatra, the chemical formula for marble will explain the Olympian Hermes. A naughty amateur of experience might keep safely within the everyday events of contemporary occurrence, and yet show how silly is the attempt to interpret even business solely by statistics of supply and demand, profit or loss.

The amateur historian, fed up on books which tell him the economic why of everything, is prepared to prove that even the steel business is emotional. Why does one well-planned enterprise fail while another succeeds? The cause will as often be found at a secretary's desk, or at home in the domestic chamber, or at school with the children, as in trade cycles and the sheer brains of the venture. If there were gods to be amused they would certainly laugh at the business philosopher who knows that the Success Co. failed because they stepped up production too fast, whereas the real reason is the delayed adolescence of the president, who has tried to compensate for a sterile youth by an amorous age. Frankly, we are skeptical of the whole magnificent program of explaining human actions with the humanity of the human left out; and how can any one fail to be skeptical who looks about him? The only inside picture of the development of the American nation will be found in American novels and plays, or in history which uses novels and plays and intimate source material like letters and journals. Orthodox history is lucid and logical, as all interpretations that look backward can be made to be; but it is a little naive. The rotten state of Denmark, the king and the queen, the common sense of Polonius are all there, but Hamlet is left out.

Look at Europe in September of 1937. Without the assistance of the economists it would be impossible for us to understand some of the causes of its disorders. But how little of the story could be told to an outsider who did not know of the inordinate vanity of Mussolini working upon a nation which wished to be vain, the fanatical self-love of Hitler, working upon a nation which wished to be proud! How impossible to understand contemporary Russia if you have not read Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Chekov, and Gorky!

A great historical episode prepares itself now, which may never be truly interpreted. Hundreds of thousands of youth in the totalitarian states have fed on words until that universal longing of youth to escape from its own ignorance and incapacity is for once entirely satisfied. The youth of the dictatorships are reported as happy, with a confidence that no other youth can equal, and an unshakable morale. And yet it is already a lost generation, as every middle-aged man and woman in Europe knows in his heart. Its belief in "ourselves alone" as those first war nationalists, the Irish Sinn Fein, used to call their ambition, is irreconcilably opposed to the "ourselves alone" of other confidences. The youth of Europe is having its only life now—the rest will be death, or breakdown, or disillusionment. It needs no writing on the wall, but only the mildest pessimism, to prophesy that.

Education, which always runs from ten to forty years behind the demands upon it, is not helping us in this crisis. The liberal arts, which, when they were effective, taught man to judge the values of living, were never more depressed and less vital, as college presidents like MacConaughy of Wesleyan, and great journalists like H. G. Wells, have been recently asserting. The techniques of life, as another educator, Hutchins of Chicago, said last year, have become the staple of education. They have been immensely, some of them incredibly, improved. We can work miracles in medicine, do the impossible in mechanics, understand the machinery of the universe by physics. And yet when it comes to salvaging a large-scale civilization more satisfactory than any described in history, there is no confident leadership. The dictators make statements whose fallacies a well educated child should understand; the men of good will toward civilization are silent or ineffective, perhaps because they have no inner assurance of followers. All liberal education seems to have accomplished is a passive resistance toward unpleasant change.

The real history of these times will be found in its literature. The writers of our novels and poetry and plays may not have understood the cyclic circumstances which bore down like fate upon their characters, but the purely human facts, the personality with its reactions, they have at least known as no historian seems to have known them. They are not fooled—at least the good writers are not fooled, by any interpretation that eliminates the individual. If they have failed to relate their individuals to the impersonal sweeps of history, it is because their own education in the liberal arts has been defective, and particularly in America. Yet they know with the sure instinct of the artist, that the next great human problem will not be solved in the laboratory or the machine shop, which produce only the tools and not the brains to use them rightly. They know that history is conditioned by the emotions.

A writer of our times, H. M. Tomlinson, whose wisdom is as mature as his prose, saw Fate in a great storm at sea—

> A vast calm face the rock of which no human emotion can move, with eyes that stare but see nothing, and a mouth that never speaks, and ears from which assailing cries and questions fall as mournful echoes, ironic repetitions. This flung stone falls from it, as unavailing as your prayers.

While nothing that a liberal education teaches can do much about Fate, a righter conception of history might at least show us that the flung stones are usually those hurled at each other, and not usually for great reasons but for the small human ones that resounding words—like nationalism, progress, morale, power, self defense, prestige—are designed to conceal.

H. S. C.

Chicago Experiment

Radio as an aid to education is having a practical demonstration in Chicago this week which may well have interesting results. The epidemic of infantile paralysis in that city has caused postponement in reopening the schools and the educational authorities, determined that time shall not be lost to the children, have inaugurated a series of broadcasts to take the place of schoolroom work. The possibilities of such a course are apparent at once. Here may be the thin edge of the wedge by which young folk will be habituated to seeking from radio programs matter to supplement the instruction given in schools, and by which education for broader ends may be extended to them. Youth easily forms the habit of interest in what is brought to its attention. It will be worth watching the Chicago experiment for its wider implication.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Earlier Works of Ernest Thompson Seton*

Popularizing Nature

SIR:—I cannot let pass without protest the attack by Donald Culross Peattie on Ernest Thompson Seton. Unhappily for Mr. Peattie, and *The Saturday Review*, he is apparently not so familiar with the work of Mr. Seton as he should be. If he would consult "Who's Who," he would find that Seton was official naturalist for the Government of Manitoba, is a medalist of the Société d'Acclimatation of France, and was awarded the Daniel Giraud Elliot Medal. These recognitions of his eminence as a naturalist should, in themselves, be sufficient proof of Seton's scientific attainments. His "Lives of Game Animals" is not only the foremost work on American mammals, it is undoubtedly one of the greatest natural history works ever produced in this country.

As to Mr. Peattie's implication that English scientists write better than American scientists, I fear that his conclusions are weighted too heavily by the works of the Haldanes and Huxleys. If he will compare the technical journals of England and the United States, which are the usual mediums of expression of the working scientist, I very much doubt whether he would find superior literary ability among the scientific workers of the British Isles. The publications of Rudyerd Boulton, Frank M. Chapman, Robert Cushman Murphy, Aldo Leopold, the late Louis A. Fuertes, George Miksch Sutton, William Rowan, Joseph Grinnell, and the late E. H. Forbush may often be read for sheer pleasure, quite aside from the scientific information they contain.

Professional naturalists will universally, I think, welcome Mr. Peattie's attack on nature-faking. His own books have done much to raise the standard of nature writing in America. However, his own very great power to influence the nature writer—particularly the young nature writer—makes it doubly unfortunate that, like the Chinese fliers, he has dropped his bombs into the wrong camp.

WILLIAM VOGT, *Editor.*
Bird Lore
New York City

Mr. Peattie Replies

SIR:—Why does my much admired friend Mr. Vogt think I do not know who and what Ernest Thompson Seton is, or rather was? I have been reading Seton since I was a child. In the last year I bought his "Lives of Game Animals," complete and new, because I need it on my shelf. But the Seton of "The Birds of Manitoba" died many years ago. Even in the "Lives of Game Animals" one notes the beginnings of a lamentable tendency toward a false humanizing of animals. And with the years Mr. Seton has increasingly committed himself to interpretations so far-fetched and mawkish that faith in his philosophy has departed from my mind and, far more important, from the minds of my betters in natural history. *The Saturday Review of Literature* did not print all of my article. The parts* dropped consisted in detailed quotations from "Great Historic Animals" that would not leave in Mr. Vogt's mind one doubt that Seton is nature faking in this book. We have in the case of Seton the sad spectacle of a naturalist who did his best work first, and who has progressed or rather retrogressed from a scientific attitude to one that we would expect of an utterly emotional and untrained mind.

As for my neglect of the excellent works of American nature writers, I am only too happy to acknowledge myself in error. Just possibly Mr. Vogt and I are not using the name of popular writing in the same sense.

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE.
Santa Barbara, Cal.

"YOU HAVE *SO* MANY INTERESTING BOOKS, WE JUST COULDN'T MAKE UP OUR MINDS."

A Correction

SIR:—Sir William A. Craigie, writing from England under date of the 24th August, asks me to correct a statement made in my review of Part II of the "Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles," which appeared in *The Saturday Review* for August 7th (Vol. XVI, No. 15, page 5), to the effect that Sir William was "no longer personally engaged in the actual production." He says:

> Although now residing in this country, I am still "personally engaged in the actual production" of the work, reading all the proofs (set up from copy prepared before I left Chicago) in their various stages, and supplying fresh copy to a certain extent. There is no immediate prospect of my being able to do less than this.

Would you be kind enough to give Sir William's explanation suitable publicity in your columns? I regret that my remark, which was not intended to imply his total dissociation with the Dictionary, should have been misleading and am happy to withdraw it.

J. B. DUDEK.
Yukon, Okla.

Conrad's Definition of Fiction

SIR:—In one of your series of articles "English '37," you state that Conrad's definition of fiction falls short in that he omits the necessity of the author to make the reader feel a sense of truth in the events he describes. I have always felt that was included in his definition when he states "the power . . . to make you hear, to make you feel . . . to make you see . . . and perhaps also that *glimpse of truth* for which you have forgotten to ask."

HELEN KREMER.
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Erratum

SIR:—Full many a week your crostics double
Have cost me hours of toil and trouble,
But never has their native terror
Augmented been by any error;
You and your hypothetic corps
Each week have made a perfect score.
But just to show that man or woman,
However gifted, is but human,
Today† you gave one number wrong;
And that's the burden of my song:
One eighty-five in letter E
One eighty-four should surely be.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.
Ridgefield, Conn.

* One paragraph, owing to space limitation. —Ed.

† Double-Crostic No. 181, issue of Sept. 11. Apologies to the fans for this unfortunate typographical error.—Ed.

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Inventions and Discoveries

EVERYDAY SCIENCE. By A. W. Haslett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.75.

THE WORLD AND MAN AS SCIENCE SEES THEM. By Forest Ray Moulton and Others. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by C. C. FURNAS

THE rising deluge of books on science for the layman is all to the good for both the publishers and the public. It shows the existence of a healthy common curiosity about our physical world. More and more able science-minded writers, and scientists who are sometimes disappointments as writers, are stepping up before the reading public with a willingness to tell all.

If these efforts at the popularization of science are to be really successful they must subtly convince the reader that the subject matter is inherently interesting and intriguing (in Rotary circles that's known as "selling the idea"); they must present the most significant facts of the subject (most of the writers present far too many facts); and, finally, they must develop the tenuous concept of the paramount significance of scientific knowledge and lead the reader to see the thread of interrelationship among the different branches of activity now dubbed as separate sciences. These two books taken together perform the first two functions admirably and the third one to an acceptable degree.

With "Everyday Science" Haslett enters the ranks of the English writers on scientific subjects who will bear watching. He has the advantage of not being a scientist in the specialized sense and hence he keeps the picture properly balanced. His discussion does not deal to a great extent with the purer phases of science; it concerns itself mostly with the applied variety. That is the reason it will serve as an interest-rouser for the uninitiated. It deals with subjects that are familiar ground — air-conditioning, fuel, construction problems, crime detection, food, farmers, radios, airplane transportation. That is the skeleton, but the flesh he puts on these bones contains many of the pertinent facts of the pure sciences. The writing has that something about it that keeps persuading the reader to see what is on the next page, even though there is no discernible plot to the discourse. It stimulates the imagination, and is one of the best books that have come out to arouse the interest of the common man in the doings of the scientific world.

"The World and Man" is an ambitious University of Chicago symposium in eleven chapters by thirteen authors. Four of the chapters deal with the inanimate. The editor of the series, Dr. Forest Ray Moulton, is lead-off man with the chapter on astronomy. He has been equally at home and adept as a first-rank astronomer, an executive for Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition, Permanent Secretary for the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and as a writer. The other inanimate chapters are on geology, modern physics, and chemistry. Then follow the seven chapters on animate objects, beginning with Professor Newman's "The Nature and Origin of Life" and ending with Professor Fay-Cooper Cole's outline of the essential features of anthropology. In between, plant life, the invertebrates, the vertebrates, physiology, and micro-organisms each come in for separate and detailed consideration.

Unlike "Everyday Science," this is not a book that can be read; it must be studied. It will not arouse interest among the uninterested. That is because it is written by eminent scientists and they have such a high regard for facts that every page must be stuffed to the margin with facts. Yet, considering how expert all these men are in their various fields, they have done remarkably well at withholding, for the reader's benefit, non-essential bits of information. They present an excellent outline of each subject and have put it up in a treatise which is at least three times as interesting as similar material in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and ten times as readable as Wells's "Science of Life." The chapter that comes nearest to being deadly is the one on chemistry, which looks suspiciously like a collection of excerpts from certain college textbooks, and tends to have the same opiate effect. The most readable section is the one on anthropology, for Professor Cole, in between the brushing off of ancient teeth and skulls, has found time to develop the knack of leading a person to turn just one more page.

I had expected W. C. Allee's chapter on invertebrates to be the least attractive, for there is something about invertebrates that I do not like. But it was in this chapter that I found that there are detectable traces of humor in the book. It seems that worms can learn just as humans can, only not as well. One worm, after a number of months in a Harvard laboratory, had learned to do his turning always (or nearly always) to the right. This was remarkable progress, and "there can be no doubt that it was a changed worm as the result of its year at Harvard." I really became acquainted with the invertebrates in this chapter, and found them not bad.

It is pleasing to note that the authors dealing with the nature of life make no bones about their attitude in the mechanistic-vitalistic concepts of living phenomena. They adopt and express the "open-minded but none the less thoroughly mechanistic point of view." This volume is going to be widely read and will serve as a partial, though not complete, antidote to the flood of semi-scientific, semi-religious writings which evade the fundamental issue of the science of life by conjuring up some of the old, vague, and research-killing supernaturalisms.

The beginner in scientific reading or study will probably lay this book down unfinished, but a person whose interest has been really aroused along the lines of physical and biological sciences will take this and digest it thoroughly and probably gloat over some of his findings in the pages. If you're just beginning, read Haslett's book first—it is an excellent appetizer.

C. C. Furnas is the author of "The Next Hundred Years: The Unfinished Business of Science."

RESTORATION OF A CARBONIFEROUS FOREST (*Field Museum of Natural History*). *From "The World and Man as Science Sees Them."*

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

VIII. Sarpedoni's

AN enjoyable place is Sarpedoni's after a day in the field. Done with heavy armor and hot scrimmage we can run down to the beach by taxi from Troy; or there's a private bus waiting outside the Greek camp for the use of the Spartans. A cool splash in the lilac-tinged surf of sunset, and then in clean slacks and blazer stroll up to the bar. Time, probably, for a couple of quick ones before the girls arrive; and a little chat on the incidents of the day, with the enemy politely ignoring you at the other end of the counter. (The cash register, which plays no favorites, is exactly in the middle.) Sarpedoni, immense Turk, his broad swarthy face shining with perspiration and shrewdness, asks if you want an alcove reserved for quiet susurrus; or would you prefer to sit out closer to the floor? And presently the Myrmidon Boys will mount their little orchestra stage, amusingly built cymbiform like a classic galley. The melting grievance of saxophone and tortoise-shell mingles with the easy lapsing rhythm of the mild Aegean Sea.

Sarpedoni, acquisitive Asiatic (Old Soapy, the boys call him) has taken every precaution to be neutral, and to see that both sides are given equal opportunity for pleasure. A white line is painted straight across the premises, exactly dividing bar, dining room, dance floor and terrace; it even continues across the beach to the bath-houses. Like all institutions of human service, the place has grown up gradually to meet a specific necessity, and Greeks and Trojans alike have been rigorous to observe a tacitly adopted code of behavior. Both, on their own sides of the formal equator, enjoy the relaxations which make war endurable. Perhaps, since the Greeks are far from home and have no city to return to, the proprietor favors them a little: at their end of the bar, for instance, is the famous Lonelyhearts bulletin board and Personal Mail Desk. Here, with prudent pseudonymity, Greek warriors in quest of consolation can post Personals and appoint exploratory rendezvous with the Hittite *marraines* and Sanskrit chippendales of whom Sarpedoni has a reservoir on tap. It was on Sarpedoni's advertising board that Agamemnon and Achilles first got in touch with those two nymphs Chryseis and Briseis who caused so much trouble, as Homer (though discreetly) has intimated. If Homer had not been blind, he would not have been surprised at the Chryseis-Briseis episode.

Several officers are already at the Greek end of the bar. Perhaps we can judge their temperaments by what they order. They seem to fall into three pairs. Agamemnon and Menelaus, who are feeling the strain of such prolonged campaign, take gin and tonic. Ulysses and old Nestor share a pitcher of beer, which they spin out through the whole evening; Ulysses is sketching with a stub pencil his ideas about the wooden horse. Diomedes and Ajax, who always go first to the bulletin board, clink a planters' punch.

Here's a pathetic outcry, says Ajax. He reads from the Personals—

> ENGINEER OFFICER, Aryan, 3 years overseas, austerity finally broken down, needs congenial companion. Bathing, hiking, beach sports, cultured conversation. Off duty afternoons, Mon., Wed., Fri. CAPTAIN SAPPER.

A sap, all right, says Diomedes. He won't get much of a nibble on that. I'm more interested in the other side of the board. How do you like this one:—

> Boy friend invalided home, acceptable locum tenens welcome. On the buxom side, jolly pal, good dancer. Non commissioned ranks preferred; no pantywaists apply. TURKISH DELIGHT, Box 15.

That's the stuff to give the troops, Ajax admits. I must tell my top sergeant, he's the boy for her.

Sarpedoni will have to get a bigger board, says Diomedes. The warm weather's bringing 'em out in swarms. What do you suppose this means:—

> REJUVENATION guaranteed. Results permanent. Send stamped envelope. CALYPSO, R.F.D. Ogygia.

You should worry! chuckles Ajax. Let's not brood about that sort of thing for a while.

Here's a nifty, exclaims Diomedes:—

> HULLO SOLDIER! Tired of war? Spend your leave at Furlough Farm on picturesque uninhibited island. Stags only. Special week-end rates. Home cooking, pork products a specialty: chitterlings, fresh gammon, country sausage, hog jowl and greens. CIRCE.

Ajax suggests, It don't sound kosher.

Those ads are all hooey, remarks the unsuspecting Ulysses.

Not a bit of it, Captain, interposes Hybla, the pretty little clerk at the mail desk. All paid insertions. You ought to see the number of answers they get.

DIOMEDES—It certainly puts *you* in a strategic position, eh honeybunch?

HYBLA—Even the Trojans have been coming over to look at them.

DIOMEDES—Well blast their nerve. They've been getting beyond themselves.

AJAX—You said it. What did you think about young Troilus conking somebody after curfew the other night?

DIOMEDES—What did *I* think about it? I was the one that got conked. Pretty near fractured my skull. Believe me, I'm going to get square with that palooka.

AJAX—He's not a palooka, though. He's the best bet they've had since Hector was a pup.

ULYSSES—Now Achilles is back in it, things'll be different.

DIOMEDES—I hope so. What about that big hush-hush of yours, the mystic horse? I wish you'd—

NESTOR—Quiet. Not here. (He gestures toward the Trojans who are gathering on the other side.)

AJAX—What was irking Achilles? Seemed poor dope to me, peeving in his tent while we were out taking it.

DIOMEDES—Husbands' complaint.

ULYSSES—A little tact, please. (He indicates Menelaus, who is absorbed in argument with Agamemnon.)

DIOMEDES—Well, monogamy trouble. The General horned in on his girl.

NESTOR—Briseis, one of the Chryseis-Briseis twins. A cunning little trick.

AJAX—Loud cheers, oldtimer; I was afraid you were past noticing that sort of thing.

ULYSSES—I thought everybody knew. Agamemnon had one twin and Achilles the other.

AJAX—Well, what did it matter? You couldn't tell 'em apart.

DIOMEDES—Achilles said he had a way of knowing.

ULYSSES—It was another of those dirty tricks that Pallas Athene pulled on us. She sent the girls along just to make mischief.

DIOMEDES—Dr Calchas gave us a blackboard talk about things last night. He says we've had a raw deal from the gods all the way through, but we're round the corner now—

NESTOR—(He crosses his fingers and taps the wood of the bar) Please, please. No talk about the gods. It's very bad luck.

Sarpedoni, who has been making himself agreeable to the Trojans, now crosses to the Greek side and bows respectfully, glistening with salesmanship and suavity. Is everything all right, General? Have you ordered dinner? The snails are fresh from the mud.

Agamemnon is a little cross this evening. No snails, thanks. They remind me too much of my staff.

Sarpedoni, the old soap, laughs with the General but manages to fan the other officers with a placating sweep of his large innkeeping eyes.

(*Continued on page* 14)

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 5*)

and not quite an arts-and-crafts exhibition shop," to become the stepmother of the household that reminded her so much of "The Constant Nymph"; the silent but O, so English, Aunt Margaret and her *petit point*. These are delightful, every one, and will come gaily to mind long after you may have forgotten those who play the leading parts in Gil's love story.

The author, we are told by the blurb, "has experimented with a new and thrilling form of detective story, a detective story of the soul." Maybe, but if so it is this reviewer's opinion that the experiment fails to come off. Dominic Rae, the man of mystery, remains even after the "thrilling revelation at the end," a straw man, and the pursuit of his soul seems scarcely worth the effort. In truth Miss Stern's theme when she gets too serious about it, has a somewhat labored and pretentious flavor. Despite her interjection of a "frank" sex episode, the loves and anguish of Gil and Dominic and Piers have that curious old-fashioned quality that permeates so many love stories of the screen. But just the same, "Oleander River" has far more engaging moments than the run of novels, and it would be a great pity to miss it.

Making of the Middle West

THE TIDE OF TIME. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

MR. MASTERS' latest book is an attempt to combine in one volume a fictional biography, the social development of an Illinois community from the Black Hawk War almost to modern times, and a sketchy history of the United States. Parts of the novel stray off into an account of the development of U. S. Grant and of his progress through the Civil War; others dully chronicle the Spanish-American War. To fuse the three elements here present into a single whole requires, unfortunately, a more expert control of fictional technique than Mr. Masters, for all his thirty or forty books, is capable of, and only persistence is likely to get most readers through the seven hundred pages of the narrative.

There is a kind of dogged honesty about Mr. Masters' naive ideology which is wholly admirable, but a simple determinism, mixing with an equally simple mysticism, does not cook down in this volume into anything very palatable. The central character, who has something of the traits of Clarence Darrow, is solid enough, but the regiment of minor figures for the most part remain mere sketches. A long criminal trial towards the last third of the book injects into it the kind of drama which courtroom episodes always carry, but is not essentially relevant to the curve of the story. Beyond this, Mr. Masters in the main takes refuge in stodgy narrative. Except for Theodore Dreiser, he writes one of the dullest styles in fiction; and the pound of the simple sentence constructions which satisfy his ear becomes too tedious to be patiently borne before the book is over.

It is too bad that Mr. Masters's fictional equipment is so defective, for he has a goodly amount of material about the Middle West at his command—material which is the stuff of fiction. He has also a view of human motives which is at least intellectually respectable, however crudely Mr. Masters presents it to the reader. Likewise he possesses a feeling for the sweep of American development. But Mr. Masters has apparently never found a medium which suited him, and "The Tide of Time" does not indicate that he is as happy in fiction in these later days as he was when he was writing "Mitch Miller."

Comb-Hummin' Henry

THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE. By Mackinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1937. $1.25.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

LIKE "The Voice of Bugle Ann" this is in length something less than a novelette and more than a story and like the former book it has a shapely and comely simplicity. Out of ingredients of familiar kind, Mr. Kantor has the knack of mixing a charming tale, with enough of sentiment and free enough of sentimentality to win the fancy and linger in the memory after its slight events are told. It is the story of Comb-Hummin' Henry Bohun, who came out of the hot dusk sending his music before him, clad in pants that might have been Confederate gray or faded Yankee blue, to win the confidence of Old Bill MacBean, by his own word, "one of the meanest rebs in Missouri," and the love of his daughter, Lissy Ann. Comb-Hummin' Henry had wizardy in his comb, and his melodies flooded the neighborhood as he worked in the hay field or wandered through the woodland. But the time arrived when the doubts as to what had been his loyalty came to a head, and he rose before the folk and declared his past allegiance to the North. Then Comb-Hummin' Henry had to leave the girl he loved and his music no longer sounded through the countryside, though he still lingered in the hills. How he overcame the wrath of Old Gill and married Lissy Ann is told by Mr. Kantor with that directness and economy of means which is the essence of his pungent narrative style. It is an insinuating little tale, touched with romantic softness but having a robust fibre for all that.

Family Lives

FABLES FOR PARENTS. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by Isabel Wilder

DOROTHY CANFIELD has made very much her own the green hills of Vermont with their valleys and winding roads and well-placed farms, the streets of small college towns, quick, vivid glimpses into the crowded city. It is almost as if definite parts of the country and certain kinds of homes belonged to her to use as she chooses. One begins a new book bearing her name with the pleasant anticipation of returning to a familiar and congenial place. Nor does she disappoint us here.

There are seventeen stories in "Fables for Parents," some long, others very brief. But whatever the length or particular form, in almost every one Dorothy Canfield broaches the subject anew, offers the problem for a fresh angle, and neatly disposes of it.

A collection of short stories either by one author or compiled from a group of writers should not be read continuously. Each one should be allowed space about it; it should be set off from the next as a picture is given a frame with which to achieve completion. This collection also, although the subject matter gives it a certain running continuity, needs to be read with the idea it is composed of separate units, each to be considered on its own terms. The point is stressed because the danger here is that the reader who rushes from story to story without pause may suddenly find himself swamped—or cloyed with too much goodness. Dorothy Canfield does not spare human nature. She understands and illustrates unflinchingly grated nerves, family tensions, hard thoughts, smarting vanity, pride, and loneliness; but her temptation is to try to make up to suffering and failing humanity by playing fairy godmother to her characters more than is necessary. In so doing she rearranges events or other hostile forces in the shape of mental or human adversaries, so that the moment of crisis never breaks or else it fades gently into compromise. It is as if when an irresistible force meets an immovable object, the object were suddenly and unaccountably moved back out of reach. Yet it is ungrateful to quarrel with the author for her indulgence because at the same time she has woven her spell over the reader, arousing his interest, affection, and belief. The stories that find the author at her best are those on the themes which give the volume its title, revealing in a few words and in wonderfully selected details of action and dialogue the perfect rhythm of every day in every home.

Isabel Wilder's latest novel, "Let Winter Go," has recently been published.

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by BERNARD MAYO

HENRY CLAY

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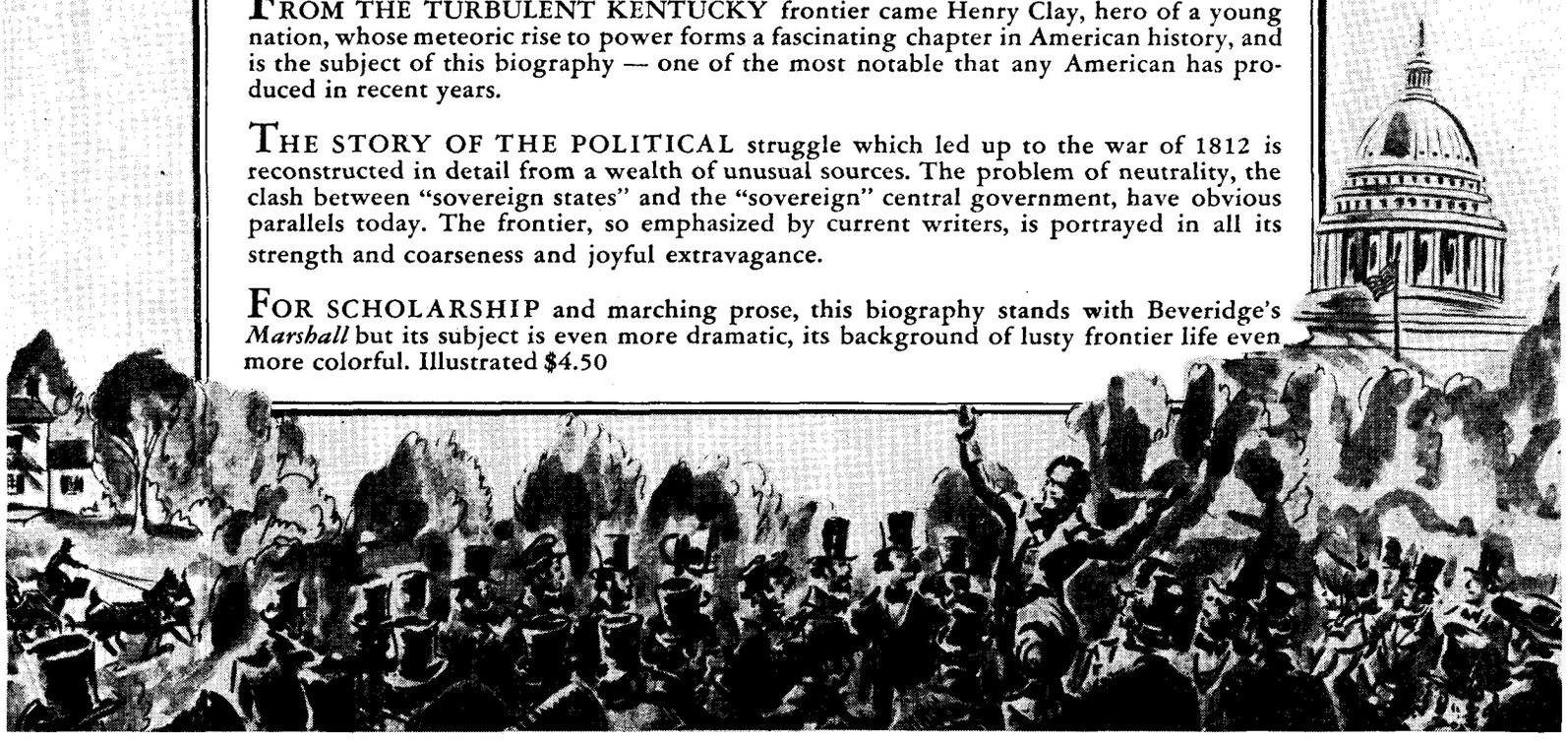

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The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page* 11)

The General always has his little joke. It's been a warm day, not good for hurry. Would you like the private room, I can send in some punkahs?

No girls tonight, says Agamemnon irritably. Sarpedoni waves away the misunderstanding amiably. He has the lowest coefficient of friction in the Near East. The General would like to sit out here, watch the dancing?

Anywhere, anywhere, Agamemnon grumbles. Not too close to the orchestra. —With one flash of the eye Sarpedoni has already started a waiter preparing a table, with another signalled the bartender to serve a complimentary round of drinks.—A prophylactic on the house, General, while they get your table ready.

I mustn't be a dog in the manger, the commander relents; he probably sees Diomedes and Ajax looking wistfully toward the screen where various ladies in warm-weather tiffanies emerge from the gyneceum.—Send round some janes for the others to look over. Maybe King Menelaus?

Nothing doing. I want my wife, Menelaus maintains stoutly.

If we could only find somebody to satisfy him, says the General, we could call off the war and go home.

Oh I hope not, the landlord protests. It'd be a pity to quit now; I've just made plans for a new grill room.

Send some around if you wish, Menelaus says resignedly; but I know they won't click.

Sarpedoni is apologetic. I've tried almost anything: odalisques, hetairai, concubines, paramours, but we don't seem to find the wave-length. It's certainly a tribute to your good lady.

An idée fixe, says Agamemnon.

I don't think we have any of those. But I've got a nice little team of Bosphorettes coming in.

How's the enemy tonight?

In very good spirits, General. Quite a number of parties coming down from town.

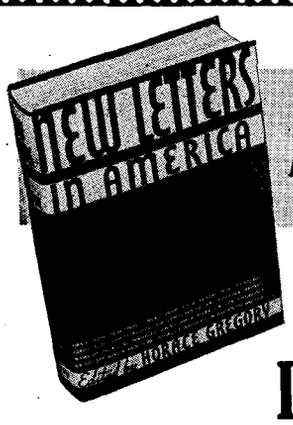
Well I hope they'll behave themselves. I'm not in any mood for nonsense.—And pointedly ignoring the Trojans a few feet away, the Greeks take their seats. Perhaps the prophylactic, or the attentions of the proprietor, have quickened the two leaders; for we notice that the table has been laid with an empty place adjoining each warrior; and a little later these seats are all decoratively occupied.

If this were your first visit you would think the evening passing in its usual good cheer. But Sarpedoni, never amblyopic, observes an undercurrent of bad humor. Even the waiters feel a subtle tension of nerves: the kitchen blackboard where breakage is scored shows an unusual number of entries. The warm evening has brought out a large attendance. On the Trojan side of the house we recognize several familiars. Aeneas has brought down his conscientious Creusa, who doesn't get out often; they are sitting over the Special Pelagian Plate in a kindly domestic mood. Aeneas, very much on his good behavior, tries to avert his mind from the halloo in the adjoining booth where Deiphobus and Antenor are a bit loud with a couple of bright-colored hinnies. Sarpedoni is annoyed to recognize that these are no other than Chryseis and Briseis themselves, who were supposed long since (after the quarrel in the Greek camp) to have gone back to their father's country rectory. He hopes old Agamemnon won't see them, but realizes that of course he will. Soapy whispers to the bar-man to water down the ambrosia cocktails going in rapid sequence to that alcove; but the strategy is tardy. Already Deiphobus has lured the girls into a promising argument whether the daughters of a parson are naturally more full of devilment than others. Because, he says, they have inherited all their sire's accumulated repressions; which must be, Antenor suggests hopefully, almost uncontrollable. The girls, by no means sotto voce, are confirming the theory. They are naively reporting some ill-chosen humors of their stay in the Greek quarters. Perhaps the polyphloisboian din prevents these reminiscent chirps from reaching General Agamemnon across the floor. But Sarpedoni shoots at the General's Sanskrit soubrettes a bugeyed flicker that means, Give him the works.

Paris, who is canny enough not to bring Helen here, has strolled in; carefully inconspicuous. He is surprised to find Troilus alone in a corner. The boy is in a dreamy mood; not ill-humored but pensive, content to take cover under the surrounding racket; it creates a muffling shell of exterior distraction beneath which he can speculate in secret. They sit together, drinking gently (Troilus takes only lemon squash), and talking little. From outdoors, where on each side of the restaurant an open-air garden is reserved for the troops, come gusts of impromptu singing. It's unlucky, Sarpedoni thinks (as he retires to the kitchen to put on a fresh collar) that the Trojan doughboys have chosen this evening to revive one of the more scurrilous of their choruses. Irritably he hears the rolling harmony, augmented with clanking mugs—

A lady lives in Pergamus
  In sin, sin, sin:
Her husband made an awful fuss
  And took it on the chin.
  Let the fun begin,
  The best man win,
  Tuck up your tunic
  With a safety pin!
  SO-o-o-o-o
Bang the gates and ring the bells
  We don't give a damn—
You'd better quit the Dardanelles
  And scram, scram, scram.

Fortunately the Greeks on the other side are raising uproar of their own. But the proprietor makes sure that the emergency sign is ready to be hoisted if necessary. This is a neatly lettered card to be run up above the orchestra stage, where (with the house lights suddenly darkened) a spot can pick it out. Its le-



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gend, he reflects, is hardly peremptory enough. It says:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE!

The Continuance of Our License
Depends on the Preservation
Of Order and Good Feeling
On Both Sides of the House
Appreciatively Yours,
SARPEDONI'S, Inc.

Until tonight, this has always worked in moments of excess. But now, measuring the subtle surcharge of social static, he does not feel sure. He hurries the Bosphorettes onto the floor for a pony ballet number.

Apollo, god of spotlights and stage managers, radiant demiurge of all dramatic mischief, may have plotted the inevitable entrance. The Bosphorettes have at last followed offstage their successively rejected garments. Applause, but not very hearty; the astute Sarpedoni has already in his mind cut their routine by four minutes. Lights up, and a small ripple of chatter, but suddenly and oddly hushed.

Even without that briefest pause, so rapidly covered by renewed palaver mostly female, Paris would have known something is happening. Troilus, inattentively considering the antics of the chorus (with their grievous madrigal "Sarpedoni is the Boss For Us"), transmutes all this gallimaufry to some pattern of his own. But suddenly he stiffens and draws back. Paris turns to look. Delayed by the prinking of new dresses, Cressida and Antigone, escorted by Uncle Pan, have just arrived. The alcoves are filled, they are given a table at the very edge of the dance floor. Beauty so exquisitely and completely clothed gives its sure delight after the prolonged skirmish of bifurcated meat. One silent pulse of astonishment—acutely mixed of admiration and envy—runs through the place. Sarpedoni, who adores pretty women, dramatizes his convoy of the trio to their table and the dexterous removal of glittering wraps. He thinks (innocently enough, as probably Apollo intends him to think) that this will provide a lucky distraction against gathering moods.

Pandarus, with beaming monocle, graciously glances about, saluting friends; but sits with his back toward Troilus, whom he does not see. Little Antigone frankly gapes at the complicated scene. Cressida, enjoying to the very core of her molecular femininity this first social escapade in so long, keeps her attention completely for the table and her companions. Quite genuine timidity gives a superb projection of high breeding and disregard.

Diomedes, beyond the white line, has already forgotten his three broad gambits in Sanskrit. He looks as anode must at cathode, or lion tamer at fresh lion.

(To be continued)

Korean in America

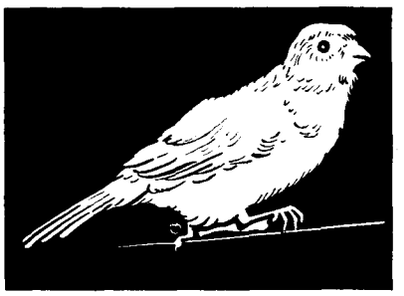
EAST GOES WEST. By Younghill Kang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.75.

THIS ought to be one of the best books in the world, for it is by a classical scholar from the Far East, calligrapher, minor poet in Chinese (he literally traded verses for rice on Mott Street during his first month in New York) who acquires a taste for Shakespeare, a Harvard education, and a competent English prose style in which to express his observations on American civilization. But what are those observations? Such memorabilia from the visiting Elk as these: New York is beautiful from the harbor, Greenwich Village confuses intellectual and alcoholic stimuli, a department store is an unpleasant place to work in, New England is austere but agreeable, Boston cold (spiritually), American life is centered on movement and romantic love is a disturbing experience, particularly for Orientals, who do not know it at home.

It is the impact of this last emotion on the Eastern mind that makes up the structural plan of the book. Kang finds sexual love the only genuinely new spiritual experience the West has to offer the East (admitting Western science has an evangel of its own, but not one to concern the littérateur), and traces its effect on a well-matched set of three Korean immigrants. George Jum achieves adjustment through fourteen suits with razor-pressed trousers, "Hot Dog!," and a liaison with a vaudeville dancer of passionate temperament and dubious morality—that is, by submerging intellect; To Wan Kim will neither assimilate nor adjust and goes tragically to drink, wreck, and death after failing to win a daughter of the Boston Brahmins; and Kang himself makes a success of life and love by adaptation, turning himself into an American with special knowledge of the Orient. When the three love-affairs have ended, so has the book.

The method of reaching this culmination is irresistibly reminiscent of "Tramping on Life" and "The Way of All Flesh," of which type of autobiographies on the borderline of fiction there have been so many that only Kang's Orientalism can give the story any new twist. Or perhaps scholarship rather than the Eastern point of view provides the attraction; always on the heels of some particularly Elkish and banal observation come two or three pages of conversation almost as good as those in Ebury Street, with iridescent ideas tossed into the air like soap-bubbles.

The simile is exact. Most of these ideas will not stand much bruising, but such as they are they make the book—nearly always interesting, here and there exciting, and only a disappointment when one approaches it with the preconception that it should be profound or original or both.



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The Gloomy Dean

JONATHAN SWIFT. By Bertram Newman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.50.

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by Harold Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 3 *vols.* $21.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. NEWMAN'S life of Swift, the fifth or sixth recently to appear, is sensible and generous—generous in its tolerance for human frailty, sensible in its refusal to turn the gloomy dean into a monster of melodrama. Though the biographer does not profess to have uncovered much new material, he has taken thoughtful advantage of the discoveries of others, the result being a volume which, if it be a touch overwritten, is everywhere readable and good. He does not believe that Swift married Stella; he knows as little about Swift's relation to Esther Vanhomrigh as the next man; and the mysterious inner conflict which darkened the life of that great writer, though Mr. Newman fully and sympathetically reveals it, remains mysterious to the end. "There is a tonic effect," writes the biographer, "in the absolute honesty of Swift"; Mr. Newman has an unpretentious honesty which is likewise invigorating.

The central fact for Mr. Newman is Swift's political and religious career; and it is therefore through the turmoil of British (and European) politics from William III to the endless administration of Walpole that the biographer guides his readers. Mr. Newman is not unaware of the philosophical background of Swift's views of humanity, but he has been more interested in the struggles of his subject, first for the Whigs, then for the Tories, afterwards for Ireland, and always for the church. His book assumes that the reader has an interest in these things, but it is questionable whether the general public has the capacity to interest itself in party squabbles two hundred years old. The one defect of Mr. Newman's unpretentious style is that it fails to dramatize, so that the brilliant years in London in the days of Queen Anne somehow seem a little drab. Mr. Newman likewise supposes that the informed reader will know what sort of person Pope or Gay or Addison or Steele was in the flesh; at any rate, he has not given those vivid pen-portraits of persons about Swift which might make his narrative more lively. But if these deficiencies may interfere with the appeal of the book to a general audience, they nowise weaken its claim to the attention of the historian and the literary critic, who will be challenged by such a judgment as this: "It is difficult not to feel that, if Swift had been born in an earlier age, he might have made a great statesman-prelate of the stamp of Wolsey or Laud." Equally shrewd is Mr. Newman's summation of Swift's personal character:

> It was a character of which it is hard to say whether strength of intellect or strength of feeling was the chief ingredient—one which we contemplate with admiration often, with respect often, with disgust occasionally, with interest always. But it is with amazement verging on bewilderment that we are chiefly impressed; the sheer power of the man almost robs us of judgment.

The quoted sentences also illustrate the full and sinewy quality of Mr. Newman's prose, which, everywhere clear (occasionally, it is true, turgid), avoids the thinness into which modern journalism has driven a good many biographers.

Swift's verse, says Mr. Newman, "or the best of it, is simply his prose, at its maximum of energy and compression." The magnificent edition of Swift's poems edited by Mr. Harold Williams and sumptuously published by the Oxford Press, for the first time offers a complete collection of the poems—not merely those which are genuinely Swift's, but those of his friends which occasioned poetical replies, those which are doubtfully his, and those which, listed for a hundred pages by the patient editor, are probably not his. Mr. Williams has included not only verses which have been printed, some of them in rather obscure places, but also verses which he has rescued from manuscripts scattered through the British Isles and the United States. Each poem is preceded by a full bibliographical note; and as the patience of the editor is equalled by the typographical skill of the printers, the edition is a monument worthy of the great prose genius whose veriest trifles are herein preserved.

For Mr. Newman is right—Swift's verses are "simply his prose, at its maximum of energy and compression." After his early and disastrous experiments with the inflated Pindaric form, Swift in the main banished beauty from rhyme and turned his skill in word-play into an instrument of assault or banter. All of Mr. Williams's unflagging industry fails to turn up any unknown treasures of lyrical beauty; nor does it appear from the thousand-odd pages of his great edition that the world is likely to add to the small canon of really memorable verse by Swift. What Mr. Williams has supplied is the opportunity to explore a mine of material which has to do with Swift's private life, with Irish affairs, with politics, with the church, and with Swift's views of human nature.

The scholar and the literary historian—to a large degree also the political historian—are therefore under a lasting debt to Mr. Williams. So far as sheer literary pleasure is concerned, to read through all of Swift's verses is a fatiguing business. This deadly monotony arises from several causes—the incessant pound of his favorite octosyllabics, the repetition of a few favorite ideas, the incessant abuse of others, the triviality of a very large proportion of the whole, and the absence from the collection of poetic beauty. To read Swift's poetry is incessantly to travel on a high, bleak plateau without shade and without variety in the teeth of a monotonous and stinging wind.

But if, taken in bulk, Swift's poems achieve an unbearable monotony, taken one by one, they frequently excite admiration. His biographers, it is true, have praised the poetry *en bloc*, but this praise, though sincere, has partly risen from the special insight which the biographers have gained from the verse. It is probably truer to say that, given the job of punishing off a hated subject, Swift usually executed the task with a swiftness and economy of means which are wholly admirable within the canons of the verse form that he used. The difficulty is that page after page of acidity palls; that, where workmanship is everywhere even and clean-cut, there is no variety; and that, as a consequence, Swift seldom or never rises into the plane of compelling poetry.

Early Story-Tellers

ELIZABETHAN TALES. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $2.50.

WE have had so many collections of modern short stories that it was a bright idea of so seasoned a short-story anthologist as Mr. O'Brien to reach back to the time of the Renaissance and pluck forth the most notable examples of the sixteenth century tale which bubbled forth at the well-spring of what has now become the huge Nilus of the short-story. One thinks immediately of Thomas Nashe's horrifying "Heraclide and Esdras," and here, sure enough, it is, together with the anonymous and famous "Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head," and certain tales by Greene and Dekker and Nicholas Breton. Here are Sir Philip Sidney's "The Paphlagonian Unkind King," Pettie's version of "Tereus and Progne," and others to the tune of some twenty-five tales in all, of rogueries, of miracles, of tragedy and jest. Continental influence and derivation are obvious. The language is quaintly ancient, the narration ingenuous. Mr. O'Brien's introduction to the book is thoroughly adequate. And though you will find here no such grandly told tales as are those of Geoffrey Chaucer, the collection is a representative one and worth owning if you are interested in the development of the short story.

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Newspapers in England

ENGLAND GOES TO PRESS: The English People's Opinion on Foreign Affairs as Reflected in Their Newspapers Since Waterloo. By Raymond Postgate and Aylmer Vallance. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. LAURENCE GREENE'S "America Goes to Press" has now bred an English counterpart. "England Goes to Press" is rather less lively than its American predecessor, partly because its authors have restricted themselves to foreign affairs and have drawn chiefly on leaders (in American, editorials), partly perhaps because a good deal of English journalism is rather sedate anyway. Messrs. Postgate and Vallance have strung together an anthology of editorial opinion with an explanatory text which gives readableness and unity to their book. The amount of material from which they had to choose was enormous, far greater than confronts the mere literary anthologist, but they seem to have taken care to omit no phase of opinion from the Tory *Morning Post* to the Labor *Daily Herald*. The famous "Thunderer," *The Times*, is heard from frequently, but no more often than its importance deserves. The provinces are not neglected, though the authors have deliberately excluded Scottish and Welsh newspapers. Altogether this is quite a nosegay, from which not even the stench of Bottomley's *John Bull* is missing.

There are some delightful bits rescued from the obscurity of old files. Those who rejoice at evidence that Englishmen are not always perfect Aristotelians, devotees of a political Golden Mean, will welcome the episode of Captain Deiver at Mauritius. This "blunt specimen of what the Navy used to be composed of—tough, tiger-hearted men—men of the real bulldog breed, and not the namby-pamby puling creatures who now command" (*Weekly Dispatch*, Jan. 24, 1840) observed at Mauritius the French ship *Isère* with the tricolor at her mizzen-peak, the flags of other nations below, and at the bottom, actually touching the water, the glorious Union Jack. At once he made up a tricolor out of signal flags, "strapped it to the bob-stays, and our blessed and revered Union Jack on a flag-staff twelve feet above the bowsprit-cap, over it shipshape." The Frenchmen objected, and Captain Deiver, with vigorous outbursts about the decline of the British tar, was obliged by the royal governor to apologize for his insult. There is the episode of the dispatch sent to *The Times* by its New York correspondent during the Civil War, which contained the sentence that so far battles had "proved nothing but the courage of the combatants." The Editor, who would not have been a good member of the English-speaking Union, altered what he must have considered a mere slip of the pen so that "anything" was printed for "nothing." There are dignified—and very similar—leaders from *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* on the final judgment in the Alabama claims case.

It would doubtless be unsafe to draw any very resounding generalizations from this material. However great their will to objectivity, the authors have had to exercise a choice, and that choice is not wholly independent of their desire to prove something. One suspects that they have wished to prove that the English people in the last century have been pretty "nationalistic," self-centred, and ignorant of other peoples. Englishmen in 1815 lumped all foreigners together in a hearty contempt, and in 1915 they classified them a bit, with the Huns at the bottom and the French at the top, almost human. "Hands across the sea" comes out very badly in this anthology. The authors conclude that a common racial origin has not bound Americans and Englishmen together in friendship. "On the contrary, most of Anglo-American history has been embittered by the contempt and dislike which both populations, when they think of the matter at all, feel in general for each other: the anxious platitudes of leader-writers and statesmen are necessary endeavors to cover up a hostility which any American living in England or any Englishman living in America can easily feel for himself."

One very important question this book must set to any reflective reader, a question which it hardly answers, perhaps because it is unanswerable. That is the question of the relation between what gets printed in newspapers and what actually gets done in international affairs. The "influence of the press" is, for instance, invariably listed as one of the causes of the late war. Does that mean that Harmsworth, Beaverbrook, Bottomley, and a few other villains together with the frock-coated villains known as diplomatists engineered a struggle which would otherwise not have taken place? Or were these journalists simply reflecting what the man in the street felt, telling him what he wanted to hear? We talk glibly enough about the Press and Public Opinion, and there is no doubt that these phrases correspond to some sort of reality. But the nature of that reality is far from clear. This book will not much clarify it, though it sets the problem neatly enough.

In his bed!
-the very girl he was trying to elude!
Lucky—or luckless? He never knew which. Ladies who loved him one day betrayed him the next. From the gallows to a Count's banquet—and back to the torture chamber! Thief, rogue, lover, rich in poetry, poor in purse, his story (as told in this novel) is one long escapade, in which excitement and entertainment are brilliantly mixed. Read it tonight.
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Britain and the Balance of Power

BRITAIN IN EUROPE, 1789-1914. By R. W. Seton-Watson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $9.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

PROFESSOR SETON-WATSON is a great historian, and in this book he shows himself a great Englishman as well. Knowledge and tolerance, humor and imagination, love of country and of the men who have served her—all these have gone into the study of English relations with the Continent. Reading, one soon has the feeling of conversing with a wise old man in a comfortable, well-stocked library. The conversation is interrupted while books are taken down and consulted, while some episode is lived over, while the meaning and relation of events is pondered. That is the difficulty. Who will listen to a man who demands, not only close watch for unheralded thrusts of wit or thought, but willingness to fill out the picture by excursions into the writings of other scholars? The author makes clear his intention of writing for a class between the scholar and the general reader; the publishers, by the outrageous price they ask, make clear their belief that this class is both small and rich.

Obviously, Seton-Watson is here studying the past to obtain guidance for his country in the present and future. He calls on statesmen from the elder Pitt to Sir Edward Grey to bear witness that the preservation of Britain's imperial strength is dependent on a "just equilibrium" in Europe. So long as there is a continental balance of power, England is not merely safe from attack, but free from interference overseas. Her allies may chafe at "her policy of limited largesse on land and unlimited acquisitions at sea," but they must follow her lead or risk conquest by their stronger neighbors. On the other hand, if Britain turns her back on Europe, seeks safety in "splendid isolation," the inevitable result will be a hostile continental coalition; the weaker powers will sell out to the stronger in the hope of despoiling their faithless ally.

A balance of power on the continent serves British interests; he affirms that it is also a moral good. A protecting hand is held over the freedom of the smaller states; a restraining hand is laid on those who would resort to war. More important, since 1789 England has sought a compromise between the evils of revolution and reaction, both at home and abroad. A statesman like Palmerston can justly be condemned for his tendencies towards bluster and hectoring. He was great, however, because he vindicated British interests in the broadest sense. "His genuine devotion to the principles of free, progressive and representative government was a very vital factor in the evolution of the whole Continent towards that democratic ideal which even now is so far from realization, but which is the sole alternative to desperate political adventure."

An outsider may be permitted to dodge a discussion of the exact relation between international morality and British interest. Few will question "the uncomfortable, but incontestable fact that Britain is an integral part of Europe and cannot with impunity neglect its problems." The real question is whether Britain is strong enough to establish and maintain a continental equilibrium, just or otherwise. Our author shows not a flicker of doubt; to him, the England of today can dominate the continent as completely as the England which Palmerston ruled. Would it show the marks of a hireling of King George to admit the unconfident hope that he is right?

Raymond J. Sontag is a member of the department of history at Princeton.

Idealist's Solution

THE WAY OUT. By Sir George Paish. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $2.75.

UPON Great Britain and the United States, Sir George Paish believes, rests the primary responsibility for checking "this drift of the nations to political, economic, and financial chaos." The projects which they should immediately initiate in collaboration are these: restoration of currencies to their earlier parities; removal of trade barriers, especially high tariffs; loans of gold to the central banks of Germany, Italy, and other needy nations; and removal of governmental embargoes on foreign loans. In general, political interference in the "world's business machine" must be terminated. Political reconstruction, in which other countries must take part, should accompany this economic reconstruction. The transfer of colonies should be undertaken by Great Britain and France, in return for more coöperative policies on the part of Germany and Italy. Ethiopia and Manchuria should be returned forthwith to their rightful owners. A world conference should be summoned for consideration of these and related reforms.

Inasmuch as "The Way Out" represents a school of laissez-faire liberalism not widely popular at the present moment, it is doubtful whether its warnings and suggestions will be seriously heeded. Certainly, no important government contemplates in the near future a return to the pre-depression gold standard which Sir George views with such nostalgic enthusiasm. His recommendations for the renewal of capital exports, while theoretically valid, will hardly be welcomed in the United States, where defaults on war debts and foreign bonds are still remembered with displeasure by the investing public. In view of the current headlines, it is hardly to be expected that either Italy or Japan will relinquish their respective acquisitions, even in return for such concessions as the so-called possessive nations might be disposed to offer. Adequate treatment is not accorded the emergency activities of the New Deal, the British Coalition, and the Popular Front, nor are the American reciprocal trade agreements given proper consideration.

Despite the neglect which this forceful jeremiad will probably receive in governmental circles, its comments upon the current disorders are cogently marshalled in clear and vigorous phrases.

Handle With Care

POISON IN THE AIR. By Heinz Liepmann. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

EXPERT opinion has long been divided over the effectiveness of aerial bombardment, debating in technical journals the relative merits of the airplane and anti-aircraft gun, of the poison gas bomb and gas mask, without—at least until recently—the experimental evidence of the battlefield. Mr. Liepmann agrees with the more alarmist school of thought, stressing throughout a colorfully written book that the triumphs of science will lead ultimately, if unchecked, to the destruction of mankind. Beginning with the historical development of gas warfare, including a vivid description of the first German chlorine attack of April 22, 1915, he provides a careful summary of modern discoveries, enlivened by dramatic incidents of twentieth century war and peace. So efficient have the chemists become that no defense is possible against their phosgenes, lewisites, and blue crosses. Subterranean refuges will not keep out lingering gasses which are heavier than air, and protective masks are useless against vapors which attack the skin. From public documents and private conversations Mr. Liepmann concludes that in every important country thousands of tons of these terrifying products are being stored away and new agents of death, even disease germs, are being developed.

So absorbed has Mr. Liepmann become in his horror of gas, even to the extent of deploring its use for suicides and executions, that he overlooks the distinction which should be made between combatants and non-combatants. It is difficult to see why gas is inherently more reprehensible as a weapon than bayonets, explosives, or machine guns. Inasmuch as the objective of every army is to crush its foe quickly and effectively, the only possible concessions to decency lie in the direction of respect for hospitals and for captured prisoners. A more legitimate fear of gas warfare is rather for the safety of civilian populations in industrial areas, where the niceties of international law will be stifled in a fog of bromoacetone.

The informative value of the book is marred by the hatred of Germany evidenced on every page. To the author, a refugee, "Poison in the Air" means German poison. "She bears the germs of death within her womb, and will spread them far and wide. Germany will destroy Europe." Russian preparation for chemical and bacteriological warfare is solely for defense, and the American, British, and French endeavors merely the unhappy consequences of German achievement. This pervasive bitterness against the Hitler regime, carried even to unjustifiable attacks on German history and culture, is unmitigated by any appraisal of the broader motivations of conflict. "Poison in the Air" is an unpleasantly provocative study of modern modes of war, which should be widely read, but with reservations as to the propagandist poison in the book.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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The Protector's Self-Portrait

THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL. With an Introduction, notes and a sketch of his life. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. Volume I. 1599-1649. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by MARY COATE

PROFESSOR ABBOTT is already known to all students of "Cromwelliana" through his "Bibliography of Oliver Cromwell," published in 1929. He has now issued the first of a series of four volumes in which he proposes "to set down as fully and impartially as possible what Cromwell actually wrote and said with such comment as may make those writings and sayings more intelligible in the light of their time and circumstances and our own." The design is vast; the first volume fills 759 pages of close type with numerous footnotes. We could wish that the whole magnum opus were before us, for only then will it be possible to estimate justly the author's contribution to the elucidation of Cromwell's life and character. This review therefore is but an interim report.

Indubitably Professor Abbott has given us a more detailed portrait of Cromwell than any previous biographer, yet he has to admit that "Cromwell is the opportunity and despair of biographers," and he wisely adds, "it is not so much what he said, as what he refrained from saying that is most important." So we rise from reading the 759 pages of Cromwell's life down to 1649, still uncertain on many vital points, for if Cromwell's sincerity, vindicated triumphantly by Carlyle, stands unshaken, his mental Odyssey is less clear. It is doubtful if Cromwell can justly be described in May, 1642, as "an enemy of monarchy." There is no evidence that he was then a republican in opinion, and it is doubtful if he ever was so at heart. He clung to monarchy in 1647 in the face of a rising republicanism in the army; in November, 1648, when Ireton's republicanism was gaining ground in London, and the King's fate was at stake, Cromwell lingered curiously long in the north, pursuing ineffectively the siege of Pontefract. When he returned to London and finally urged on the trial and death of the King, his actions had the violence which marks the rebound from long uncertainty. Even then, his motives were more psychological, even theological, than purely political. He slew the King, because in his mind, he saw him already condemned of God; the logic of events had proved irresistible to the curious mentality of Cromwell. But monarchy was reborn on the scaffold in Whitehall and, with characteristic realism, Cromwell as early as November, 1652, could realize its value in English government.

Professor Abbott's sympathies are rightly with his hero, but he is fair to his opponents. He sees the mixed alloy in the King's character, the vacillations in externals, and the inner constancy, Charles's tragic failure to perceive the tendencies of his age, yet his clear perception that not by the sword could England long be ruled. To Laud and Strafford, *too, as to* Pym and Hampden, Professor Abbott does justice; if his sympathies are with the Puritan and the Parliamentarian, he respects ability and sincerity and pays his tribute fairly. There is so much in this volume that is sound and just, so much that is the fruit of an exacting scholarship that it is with regret that criticism must be added.

It is unfortunate that Professor Abbott has thought to elucidate the English Revolution by comparing it with the American and French Revolutions. Revolutionary technique undoubtedly interests a world familiar with the writings of Marx and Trotsky and the methods of Lenin, but comparisons in history as elsewhere are odious, and revolutions are more remarkable for their particular differences than for their common elements.

Professor Abbott justly appreciates and usually *follows closely the standard* edition by Mrs. Lomas of "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" (1904), but he prints in chronological order the letels added by Carlyle in the Appendix to his second edition and the additional 145 letters inserted by Mrs. Lomas in her Supplement to Volume III. Undoubtedly there is much to be gained by the rearrangement of all the material in chronological order. Further, Professor Abbott claims to have inserted in his four volumes 550 documents previously printed but hitherto uncollected, and 150 hitherto unpublished. Obviously the full significance of this new material can only be judged when the whole work is before us, and we shall await with particular interest the later volumes which are to contain material from foreign archives.

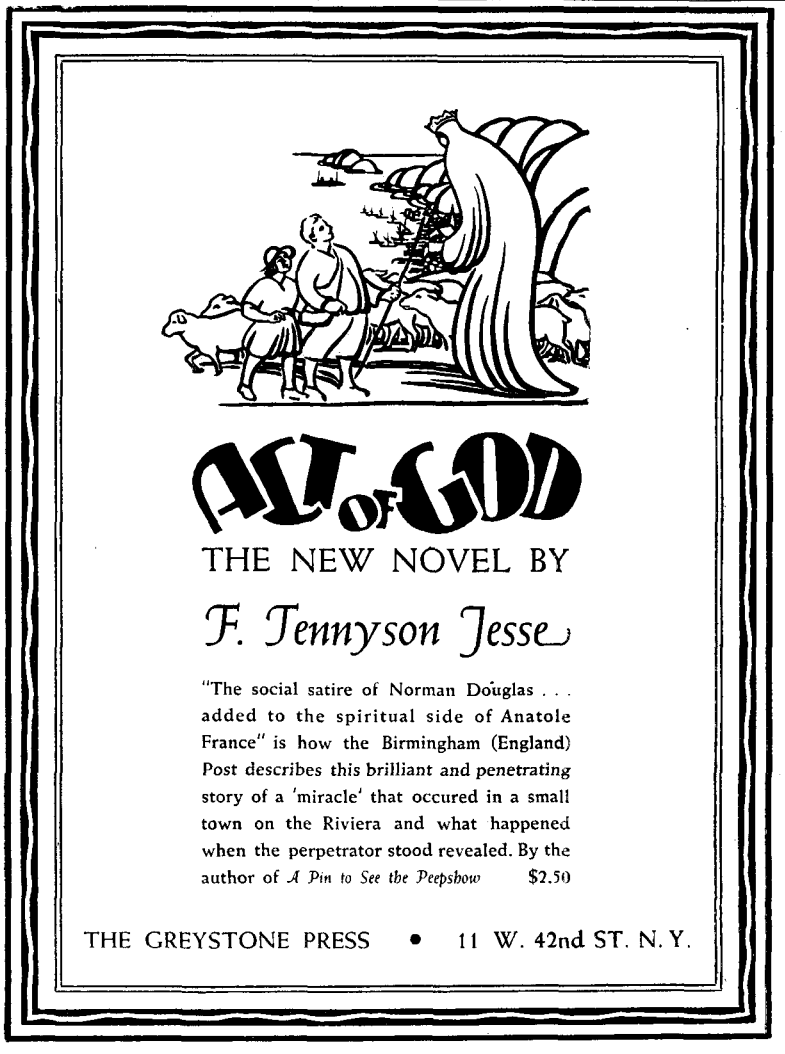
In a work on so grand a scale, some errors, some omissions are inevitable, but on the whole this first volume of Professor Abbott's "Grand Design" leaves us with an impatient desire for the remainder of the work, and for an index, the want of which has added to the labors of the reviewer.

Mary Coate is fellow and tutor in history of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 181)

BOOTH TARKINGTON—
MARY SMITH

A terrific blush sizzled all over him. . . . Glamour diffused itself about her, sprayed about them both like showers of impalpable gold-dust and filled the humble dining-car. A sacred luminosity was exhaled by the very tablecloth.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"Crisis Mentality"

THE RETREAT FROM REASON. By Lancelot T. Hogben. Northampton: The Hampshire Bookshop. New York: The Channel Bookshop. 1937. 75 *cents.*

Reviewed by HORACE M. KALLEN

THORSTEIN VEBLEN, had he been alive, would have welcomed this, the twenty-seventh Moncure Conway Memorial Lecture, as a token that his ideas, sound though they be, had at last found prolongation and development on English soil. The lecturer, Lancelot T. Hogben, is a professor of biology deeply concerned to extend the methods and successes of his science to the fields of social life. He names this concern "scientific humanism" and this book presents it as a design for living in England, but obviously not limited to that turgid and baldwinged land. The base of his design is to reunite, in a program of positive social change, the traditionally parted arts of thinking and doing. Forthright, witty, ironical, the book calls for a new mobilization of the bold scientific intelligence, makes a slashing attack on the opposition, and lays down a program for rational action. In its defects as well as its qualities it places its author in the front rank of those pamphleteers whose parents are Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, and Bertrand Russell.

His argument might be summed up as follows: today's world is sick because it is split in two. Its symptoms are "cynical disillusionment" and "crisis mentality." Its constitution is a complex of mental habits and emotional attitudes born in a long-past pre-scientific and pre-industrial age, set to use and direct the scientific and industrial present. The two don't fit. The social sciences, being assimilated to the past, serve merely the idols of logic, purity, and caution, and thus keep themselves impotent and sterile. They contrast with the physical sciences and biology where knowing and doing are one. Hence youth rejects thought: "Their pitiable predilection for action without thought is the legitimate offspring of thought divorced from action," a divorce rendering democracy farcical, fostering urbanism, arresting the growth of population, and reinforcing all those Freudian discontents of civilization from which nazism and fascism are release.

The way back to sanity is reason. Mr. Hogben does not undertake to define reason. You infer what he means from his discussion of unreason and his rational program of change. So, reason would consist in applying to politics an experimental science of man, centered in treating his life and labor in terms of thermodynamics. Human animals, being energy-machines, have caloric needs which are progressively universal, special, singular. The number and variety of the satisfactions of these needs rests upon the technical level of production. Far more than physics and chemistry, biology has made possible an unprecedented plenty. Biotechnics can now free men from the necessities of trading and the correlative philosophies of imperialism and "sentimental internationalism." England can make herself an autarchy of plenty and peace, simply by rightly mobilizing her public accountants and technical experts. So can any land. For plenty "is the excess of free energy over the collective calorie debt of human effort applied for securing the needs which all human beings share." It doesn't exist because "the training of the statesman and the man of letters gives him no precision of the technical forces which are shaping the society in which he lives. The education of the scientist and technician leaves him indifferent to the social consequences of his own activities."

Therefore, a prior condition of an economy of plenty is an education which will unite the two. Postulated on the Baconian—indeed, the pragmatic—interdependence of thinking and doing, an institute of social inquiries might be established which would ignore all the traditional subdivisions of the social sciences and set up a series of investigations into (1) social technology or creative geography, (2) social biology, or technique for the utilization of social personnel, (3) administrative techniques (à la Webbs), (4) social pathology. Since the results of all such studies would, like medicine, lead to action, the studies would be "tendencious." The alternative to such tendenciousness is fatuity and futility. "If those who pursue the social sciences really wanted to make new institutions and discover new modes of social living, the social sciences might advance with equal rapidity."

The kinship of this way of thinking to that of Veblen and of Dewey needs no stressing. I wish there were space to discuss the spicy incidental comments on Hegel, liberalism, communism, and political parties as well as on the German and Italian lunacies; even more that there were space for an analysis of preconceptions to me no less romantic and doubtful than the philosophies Mr. Hogben attacks. For now, it suffices to signalize a new voice crying "Reason!" in the wilderness of unreason.

H. M. Kallen is professor of philosophy at the New School for Social Research, and the author of "A Free Society."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW recommends—

"for connoisseurs"

Hamlet, Revenge!

By Michael Innes, author of "Seven Suspects." "Possibly the most literary mystery ever dished up to a thrill-loving public. Capitally worked out, beautifully written, and erudite no end."—*The Saturday Review.* $2.00

DODD, MEAD & CO., N. Y.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HAND IN THE GLOVE *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Dol Bonner, female sleuth, engages to get something on fake swami promoter; finds herself solving murder case on client's Connecticut estate.	Stout is expert as always; story combines clues with psychology and fools you fairly; but Dol Bonner (what a name!), if attractive, is minor league.	We Want Nero Wolfe
BACKGROUND TO DANGER *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $2.)	English journalist, poker-dice victim, seeks reimbursement by delivering parcel for scared fellow traveler, thus tempting death in various devilish forms.	Crackerjack spy story, jammed with action, intrigue, thrills, and super-villainy. Stolen Soviet war plans are basis and scene Central Europe.	Knock-out!!
DANCERS IN MOURNING *Margery Allingham* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Aging soubrette with trick thymus gland meets disaster among weekending company of London musical comedians. Albert Campion wipes it up.	Overwriting à la D. Sayers, and regrettable love affair involving previously admirable Campion, slow up otherwise diverting, well characterized yarn.	Good but unexciting
WHILE MURDER WAITS *John Esteven* (Crime Club: $2.)	Head of hateful family, henchman, and in-law slain. G-man Miles Breton just misses watery grave in getting killer.	Several superlatively nasty, but interesting, women; thunderous rock-bound coast scenery; a slick criminal, and plenty of action.	Good

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE. By Lin Yu Tang. *Day.*

HENRY VIII. By Francis Hackett. *Liveright.*

THE TAVERN. By Marguerite Steen. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

American Backgrounds

F. G. B. of Portland, Ore., *who is planning "a correlated course in American history and literature for high school Juniors," wants suggestions for extensive reading. She has divided her subject into four units: The Current American Scene, for which she wishes to draw upon modern poetry, drama, fiction, biography, and essays; The Evolution of the American Nation; Important Elements in Modern America, and Changing America.*

IN a sense, of course, the great part of current American fiction deals with the contemporary scene, but I take it from the bill of particulars which F. G. B. appends to her request that what she wants is primarily literature which is concerned with the social and economic background. Merely to enumerate with any attempt at completeness the novels of the sort that have appeared in the past few years would outrun all the limits of my space, so perforce I shall mention only a few and go back over a very short period for my titles. The so-called proletarian novel, that is the tale which depicts the laboring world even though it is in but few instances sprung of it, has had an increasing popularity, and such books as Grace Lumpkin's TO MAKE MY BREAD (Macaulay), which drew its inspiration from the Gastonia mill strike, Mary Heaton Vorse's STRIKE (Liveright), Fielding Burke's CALL HOME THE HEART (Longmans, Green), Catherine Brody's NOBODY STARVES (Longmans, Green), with its portrayal of the incidence of the depression on a young married couple in Detroit, Jack Conroy's THE DISINHERITED (Covici-Friede), depicting labor in coal mine and factory, Erskine Caldwell's LAND OF PLENTY (Farrar & Rinehart), and Albert Halper's UNION SQUARE (Viking) are all illuminating glosses on American life. To this list may be added Paul Green's THIS BODY THE EARTH (Harpers), which deals with the vexed subject of sharecropping, Josephine Johnson's NOW IN NOVEMBER (Simon & Schuster), a tale of the farm, and Ellen Glasgow's VEIN OF IRON (Harcourt, Brace), peopled by the mountaineers of Virginia. Still another phase of the American economic background is represented by such stories as Josephine Lawrence's YEARS ARE SO LONG (Stokes), a touching study of impoverished old age which finds itself a drag upon its children, and IF I HAVE FOUR APPLES (Stokes), an astringent portrayal of youth attempting to live beyond its means.

So much for fiction. Poetry reflecting the temper of contemporary America is more general than it is good, but above the mass of indifferent verse that has been produced stands out some not only superior in metrics but truly critical in spirit. Into this category fall such volumes as Archibald MacLeish's PUBLIC SPEECH (Farrar & Rinehart), Joseph Auslander's NO TRAVELLER RETURNS (Harpers), William Rose Benét's BURNING CITY (Farrar & Rinehart) and STARRY HARNESS (Dodd, Mead), Paul Engle's AMERICAN SONG (Doubleday, Doran), and Carl Sandburg's THE PEOPLE, YES (Harcourt, Brace). Clifford Odets's plays, AWAKE AND SING! and WAITING FOR LEFTY (Random House), Sidney Kingsley's DEAD END (Random House), STEVEDORE (Covici-Friede), by Paul Peters and George Sklar, and John Wexley's THEY SHALL NOT DIE (Knopf), a propaganda play on the injustice of the Scottsboro case, are all of them concerned with social ills of contemporary America.

It is probably the very fact that present-day America is in turmoil that has caused a surprisingly large number of men who are only now reaching middle life to stop for a backward glance over the years that have gone, and, despite their comparative youth, to produce autobiographies. These, of course, are illuminating commentaries on the mood and opinions of the time. Among them are such volumes of reminiscence as Carl Van Doren's THREE WORLDS (Harpers), Burton Rascoe's BEFORE I FORGET (Doubleday, Doran), Joseph Freeman's AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT (Farrar & Rinehart), Harold E. Stearns's REDISCOVERING AMERICA (Liveright), and Malcolm Cowley's EXILE'S RETURN (Norton).

As to F. G. B.'s second unit, Evolution of the American Nation, such books as THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION (Macmillan), by Charles A. and Mary Beard, and James Truslow Adams's THE EPIC OF AMERICA (Little, Brown) ought to serve very well to give a general picture of development. They can, of course, be supplemented by lengthier surveys such as the several volume studies by Rhodes and by Oberholtzer, and for special periods by books like Walter Millis's THE ROAD TO WAR (Houghton Mifflin) and Frederic L. Paxson's AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND THE WORLD WAR (Houghton Mifflin). Finally, to telescope the answers to F. G. B.'s last two questions into one, I suggest the following as interesting discussions: FAREWELL TO REFORM (Day), by John Chamberlain, MIDDLETOWN AND MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION (Harcourt, Brace), by R. S. and H. M. Lynd, MEN AND MACHINES (Macmillan), by Stuart Chase, NEW FRONTIERS and WHOSE CONSTITUTION? (both Reynal & Hitchcock), by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, LAND OF THE FREE (Houghton Mifflin), by Herbert Agar, INSURGENT AMERICA (Harpers), by Alfred M. Bingham, THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS (Covici-Friede), by Lewis Corey, THE LOST GENERATION (Macmillan), by Maxine Davis, and THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN (Morrow), by Martha Gellhorn. These represent varieties and shades of opinion, and perhaps are almost sufficient in number to meet F. G. B.'s demand for "extensive reading."

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Reviewing Reviews

THIS department has been having a look at the reviews of Clyde Brion Davis's novel, "The Anointed," and the experience was depressing. Seldom in the short career of "Reviewing Reviews" has a book been so ineptly handled by so many reviewers. Not that "The Anointed" has been widely misunderstood or underestimated. It has suffered more from well-intentioned reviews than from critics who just plain didn't like it.

To review a novel by means of a synopsis is at best a lazy makeshift. True, an idea of the story must be conveyed, its major characters introduced, its plot indicated; but a good fiction reviewer knows how to get these things across by implication, without resorting to a 500-word summary of everything that happens in the book. In the case of a realistic novel, a summary is not apt to do much damage; but a summary by itself is never very interesting. In the case of an imaginative story like "The Anointed," where much of the reader's pleasure comes from discovery and surprise, a reviewer who gives a thoroughgoing synopsis is going to spoil some of that pleasure. Above all, the conclusion should not be revealed; but reviewers who would never dream of giving away the solution of a murder mystery have blithely reported the pay-off of "The Anointed" to thousands of readers who ought to have had a chance to get it from the book.

A partial list of publications which have revealed the ending of "The Anointed" includes *The New York Times Book Review, The New York Post, The Washington Post, The Rocky Mountain News, The Minneapolis Journal, The El Paso Herald-Post, The Brooklyn Eagle, The Beaumont Journal, The Savannah Morning News, The Chicago Journal of Commerce, The Atlanta Journal, The Dallas Journal, The Columbus Dispatch, The Buffalo Courier-Express,* and *The Buffalo Times.* (Clyde Brion Davis was for seven years on the staff of *The Buffalo Times.*) Many of these reviews were enthusiastic; that isn't the point.

But, you may say, these reviewers may have wanted to make a legitimate criticism of the conclusion; and to do that, they had to describe it. Well, they didn't have to; the only point any of them made is very well expressed by, for instance, *The Paducah* (Ky.) *Sun-Democrat*: "It is left for the reader to judge whether the happy ending in San Francisco is actually a happy ending or possibly a fine piece of weird irony on the part of the author." This gets the point across without telling what happens.

A partial list of reviews which did not overdo the element of synopsis includes Lewis Gannett's in *The New York Herald Tribune,* Van Gelder's in *The New York Times* (daily), Mary Ross's in the *Herald Tribune Books,* Paul Jordan-Smith's in *The Los Angeles Times, The Chicago News, The New York Sun, The Boston Traveler, The Houston Press, The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette,* and *The New Yorker.* The last of these publications had only a note: "Vaguely crazy story about a seaman who figured God had elected him to solve the secret of the universe. There's some good adventure stuff, but the transcendental satire goes flat. Mr. Davis handles a Lardnerish lingo neatly enough." Well, perhaps "The Anointed" isn't everybody's sort of thing; but Lewis Gannett calls it "As fresh and winsome, as witty, imaginative, and as original a novel as has come my way in many moons." Van Gelder: "The great experiences, of odd and usually pleasant kind, that really make up the book would be mangled out of just recognition by any reviewer who attempted to capsule them. 'The Anointed' deserves better than that. It deserves to be read." Mary Ross: "Please don't infer that this is a 'mystical' or 'symbolic' book. . . . The author . . . tells the story without fuss or frills. Its very simplicity leaves you free to enjoy as original a character as I have met in many pages." (Miss Ross proceeds later on to say, "Mr. Davis's work is the more delightful in that it comes wholly unheralded," which implies a certain tone-deafness to heraldry, but perhaps that's neither here nor there.)

On the fence sits *The Boston Traveler:* "Maybe 'The Anointed' is a false dawn. Maybe it is meteoric fireworks. And then again maybe it is light of a new kindling. We don't know. But we do know that it was fun, lots of fun, gazing." The *Times Book Review* (op. cit.) is mildly derogatory: "He has produced a book that is often clever and occasionally brilliant, but one that never yields freely to emotion and never leaves the reader unconscious of its artifice." Our favorite review is the one in the *Houston Press,* which begins: "Here is an unforgettable novel," and by the third sentence has forgotten the chief character's name—he is called Peterson throughout, instead of Patterson.

Comments from readers of "The Anointed" will, according to the custom of this column, be welcomed.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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TOM. Where are you building them now—north, south or west of Boston? E.

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Double-Crostics: No. 182

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

1-Y	2-H	3-P	4-O		5-Z	6-V	7-T	8-H	9-F		10-B	11-C	12-D		13-G	14-K
15-T		16-I	17-A	18-G		19-E	20-P	21-X	22-H	23-F	24-S		25-E	26-A	27-W	28-X
29-N	30-Q	31-T	32-U		33-E	34-B	35-M	36-F		37-J		38-V	39-Q	40-H	41-O	
42-A	43-B		44-H	45-N	46-O	47-E	48-W	49-R	50-M	51-U		52-G	53-N	54-Q		55-D
56-C		57-W	58-G	59-D	60-K		61-D	62-Q		63-E	64-P	65-Q	66-W		67-I	68-B
	69-K	70-C	71-A		72-K	73-D	74-N		75-O	76-M	77-W	78-H	79-Z	80-Q	81-U	
82-K	83-O	84-E	85-J	86-P		87-B	88-G		89-Y	90-L	91-U	92-B	93-C	94-W		95-Q
96-O	97-G	98-J	99-K		100-Y	101-T	102-N	103-H	104-B	105-U	106-C		107-N	108-R	109-A	110-E
111-M	112-J		113-J	114-C	115-V	116-L		117-Z	118-X	119-E	120-J		121-M	122-S	123-F	124-K
125-C	126-R	127-G		128-V	129-A	130-E	131-F	132-Q	133-H		134-Z	135-U	136-N	137-R	138-M	
139-Y	140-C	141-R	142-L	143-O		144-L	145-I	146-G		147-M	148-I	149-N	150-J		151-U	152-T
153-G	154-F	155-S	156-A	157-O	158-G		159-R	160-C		161-K	162-L	163-F		164-I		165-S
166-K	167-F	168-M	169-I	170-Q	171-W		172-S	173-J		174-H	175-Q	176-T	177-Z	178-F	179-C	180-J

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double - Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Jewish temple holy candelabrum.

B. State of being without life.

C. Affected with rust.

D. One of a low caste in Central India.

E. Obnoxious.

F. Retreats.

G. Process of extracting perfumes.

H. Ungrateful.

I. Italian Saint of protection from volcanoes.

J. Spoonerism.

K. A trifle.

L. Father of King Arthur.

M. Cruel.

N. Work by Borrow.

O. The letters of a language.

P. He, himself (Latin).

Q. Inclined to novelties.

R. Travel classic by Kinglake.

S. Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

T. Cordial, energetic.

U. Envelops.

V. Birthplace of Goliath.

W. Hero of "The Amateur Cracksman."

X. Mother of mankind.

Y. The stages of life.

Z. The nearer (pl.).

WORDS

156 71 26 109 129 42 17

10 92 34 87 43 104 68

70 93 140 114 106 125 11 160 179 56

59 61 12 73 55

130 19 63 119 84 110 25 33 47

123 178 163 9 23 154 131 36 167

146 158 88 13 18 58 153 52 127 97

8 44 2 22 103 40 174 133 78

164 148 67 16 145 169

180 37 120 98 173 113 112 85 150

82 69 161 166 72 99 124 60 14

142 144 116 162 90

138 147 111 121 76 35 50 168

149 102 136 74 53 107 29 45

83 41 46 96 157 75 4 143

20 3 86 64

30 80 95 62 65 132 170 175 39 54

137 141 159 108 49 126

172 122 165 24 155

101 152 31 7 15 176

91 105 151 135 32 81 51

128 6 115 38

66 77 57 27 48 171 94

21 118 28

139 1 89 100

79 134 117 177 5

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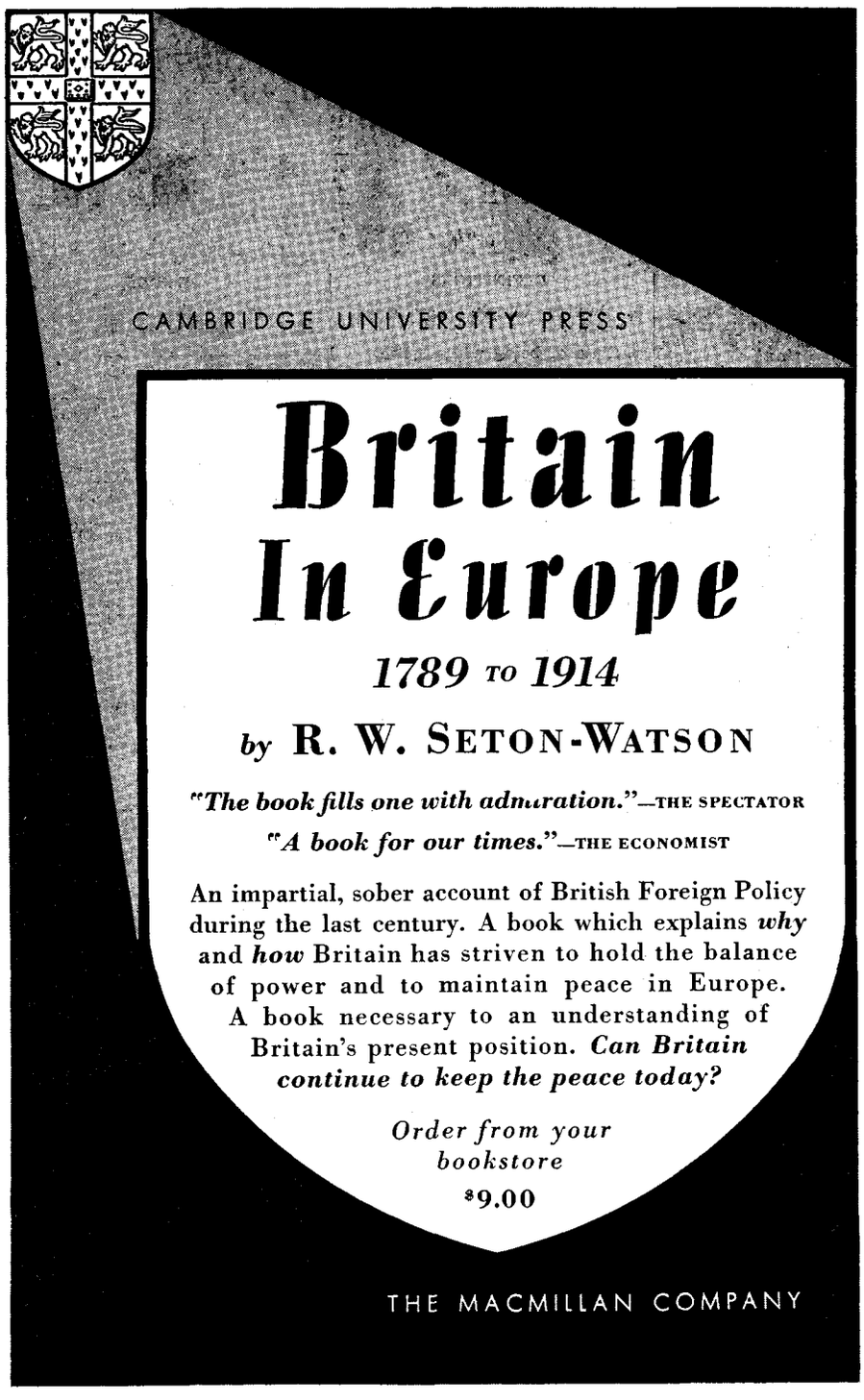
Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IT was a devilish bad summer, the Trade all tell us. Everybody seemed allergic to literature. ☞Even Old Q. averted himself from symptoms of print; consequently he now comes back to his desk with a bulimy for books. ☞If the world is determined to blow itself up in sulphur and cinders, let the reaper find us in our overstuffed chair with something worth reading, inshallah! ☞Harry Snyder, the Trade's Far Eastern representative, was wise enough to pause at Manila and not go on to Shanghai. ☞All bibliophiles rejoice to hear that our old friend and welldoer Mr. A. Edward Newton, after a serious illness, is recuperating in his library at Daylesford, Pa. ☞When we get pessimistic about the behavior of man, the imperfect anthropoid, we cajole ourself to good humor by studying the catalogues of university presses. For instance among the Behavior Monographs (Johns Hopkins Press) is *An Analysis of the Learning Process in the Snail, Physa Gyrina Say,* 100 pages, $1.25. ☞P. G. Say is not the name of the author but of the snail. The author is Elizabeth Lockwood Thompson. ☞Or *The Effect of Length of Blind Alleys on Maze Learning: an Experiment on 24 White Rats,* by Joseph Peterson, 56 pp., 75 cents. ☞Mankind is a snail in a long blind alley, we say to ourself, and at once feel better. ☞Or for $1.15 (87 pages) you can study with L. W. Sackett *The Learning Process in the Canada Porcupine.* ☞Or even more timely perhaps, *The Mental Capacity of American-Born Japanese Children,* by Marvin L. Darsie. ☞In brief, as we have said many times, nothing is so full of excitement as the catalogue of a university press.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☞*New Frontiers of the Mind,* by J. B. Rhine of Duke University, chosen as Book-of-the-Month for October, is an interesting example of one of these "academic" studies that suddenly broke through into the light of general public scrutiny. But why not go ahead on one's own and discover some more of them for ourselves? Or is Physa Gyrina Say a symbol of the average reader? ☞Asa Don Dickinson, distinguished librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, whose beard was once stolen right off his chin by an author friend—this sounds mysterious but we'll have to ask him to explain it himself—continues his series of valuable compilations of "best books" (H. W. Wilson Company) with *The Best Books of the Decade 1926-1935.* ☞Speaking of beards, we remember that Harcourt Brace and Co. used to get occasional requests for a copy of Carl Sandburg's "Cornwhiskers." ☞Booksellers are always superstitious about the Equinox, viz. September 21-22; when the evenings begin to get longer and people go to reading again. Miss Frances Steloff of the Gotham Book Mart, after consulting every kind of auspicating authority, chose the period September 20-30 for her zodiacal bargain sale and equinoctial "osmosis." ☞We like her choice of the word *osmosis,* which she says means a diffusion or circulation between two media of differing densities; viz., presumably, books and customers. ☞*Games for Two,* by Clement Wood and Gloria Goddard (Hillman-Curl, Inc.) we find on our desk, it looks like good fun for autumn evenings.

☞Modern Age Books, which is publishing books in paper covers at 25c and 35c, issues its first list this week, including a collection of short stories by Duranty (*Babies without Tails*), *Kaltenborn Edits the News,* an adventure story, a mystery, a juvenile, and several others. These are new books; a list of reprints will follow in October. ☞Among other interesting replies to their announcements, Modern Age received this letter: "Dear Sir, Please send me paper cover, Gone with the Wing, by Margaret Mitchell, 25c enclosed." ☞Organizers of the enterprise are Richard Storrs Child, president, and Samuel Craig, former president of the Literary Guild.

☞Been meaning to ask Linton Wells what is the source of the phrase *Blood on the Moon,* which he used as a title for his vigorous book. The earliest use of it Old Q. can think of is in that old melodrama farrago *The Black Crook,* where someone cried in a voice of basso profondo foreboding: There's blood on the face of the moon! But presumably the line is very antique. ☞It always pleases to remember that the original meaning of *plagiarism* is kidnapping.

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